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MEMOIR OF VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

Concluded from page 78.

But the star of Buonaparte had now begun to wane. The allied armies having entered France, Chateaubriand openly declared himself in favor of the ancient dynasty. His sentiments were unequivocally expressed in a pamphlet, which he published in 1814, under the title of *Buonaparte et les Bourbons*, and which Louis XVIII acknowledged to have been worth to him an army. Upon the restoration of this monarch to the throne, Chateaubriand was appointed ambassador to Sweden; but he had not yet taken his departure, when it was announced that Buonaparte had again appeared on the soil of France. Our author advised the king to await his rival in Paris, but this suggestion was not followed. Louis XVIII proceeded to Gand, where Chateaubriand was a member of his council, in the capacity of Minister of the Interior, and drew up an able report on the condition of France, which was considered as a political manifesto. After the second restoration of the Bourbons, he declined a portfolio in connection with Fouché and Talleyrand. Called to a seat in the House of Peers, he attracted considerable attention by some of his speeches. Not less a friend of the Bourbons than of the liberties guaranteed by the charter, he endeavored to conciliate the rights of the throne with those of the nation, and he beheld with indignation men, who had been too prominent during the revolutionary period, admitted to the royal councils and to various offices of the administration. Under the influence of these sentiments he published, in 1816, a pamphlet entitled *La Monarchie selon la Charte*, which was an able and popular defence of constitutional government, but by the order of Decazes, president of the council, the work was suppressed, and its author, although acquitted before the tribunals, was no longer numbered among the ministers of state. Deprived of his station and of his income, Chateaubriand was compelled to dispose of his library as a means of subsistence. At the same time, he established the *Conservateur*, a periodical opposed to the *Minerve*, the ministerial organ, and in conjunction with the Duc de Montmorency and others, he carried on a vigorous war against the favorite of the crown. The Cabinet of Decazes could

not withstand such an antagonist; the daily assaults of the *Conservateur* made it waver, and the assassination of the Duke of Berri completed its downfall. On the accession of Mons. de Villele to power, Chateaubriand accepted the mission to Berlin. While he occupied this post, he won the attachment of the royal family, the confidence of the Prussian ministers, and the intimate friendship of the Duchess of Cumberland. In 1822, he succeeded Mons. Decazes as the representative of France at the Court of St. James, and soon afterwards crossed the Alps as a delegate to the Congress of Verona. Having distinguished himself in this assembly by eloquently pleading the cause of Greece and defending the interests of his own country in relation to the Spanish war, he returned to France and became minister of foreign affairs. While he held this station, he succeeded in effecting the intervention of his government in behalf of Ferdinand VII, notwithstanding the opposition of Mons. de Villele. He could not, however, maintain his position long, with the antipathies of the king and the jealousy of his prime minister against him. He accordingly retired from the cabinet in 1824, and re-entered the ranks of the liberal opposition, of which he soon became the leader. The contributions of his pen to the columns of the *Journal des Debats*, allowed not a moment's truce to the ministry. He assailed all the measures of the cabinet; the reduction of rents, the rights of primogeniture, the law of sacrilege, the dissolution of the national guard, all were denounced by him with a vigor and constancy which accomplished the fall of Mons. de Villele.

Such was the state of things when Louis XVIII was summoned from life, and Chateaubriand, carefully distinguishing the cause of the dynasty from that of its ministers, who according to him were unworthy of their position, published a pamphlet entitled *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* which was a new proof of his devotedness to the Bourbons. After the inauguration of Charles X, and the formation of the Martignac cabinet, he accepted a mission to Rome, after having declined the offer of a ministerial position. Upon the accession, however, of Prince Polignac to the office of foreign affairs, he immediately sent in his resignation and used his influence against the administration. The events which soon followed, justified his political views. The fatal ordinances of the government in July, 1830, against the liberty of the press and the right of suffrage, precipitated a revolution, which resulted in the exile of the *elder branch of the Bourbons*. In this crisis, Chateaubriand made an eloquent protest, in the House of Peers, against the change of dynasty, and advocated with all his ability the recognition of the Duke of Bordeaux and the appointment of a régent during his minority; but his efforts were fruitless, and the Duke of Orleans rose to power under the name of Louis Philippe.

Unwilling to pledge himself to this new state of things, he relinquished his dignity of peer of the realm, with his public honors and pensions, and retired, poor, into private life. The following year, however, he was roused from his political slumbers, and he published a pamphlet on the *Nouvelle Restauration*, and in 1832, a *Memoire sur la captivité de Madame la Duchesse de Berry*, whom he had visited in her prison, and in 1833, appeared another work entitled *Conclusions*. This last production was seized by the government, and the author was arraigned before the tribunals, but was acquitted by the jury. After a visit to Italy and the south of France, Chateaubriand paid his respects to the family of Charles X at Prague. On his return to Paris, he took no part in public affairs, and left his domestic privacy only to visit the Abbaye Aux-bois, where Madame Racamier assembled in her mansion the flower of the old French society. During the remainder of his life, he was occupied in the study of English literature, in writing the *Life of the*

Abbé de Rancé, and preparing his *Memoires d'outre-tombe*. The political revolution of February, 1848, which hurled Louis Philippe from the throne, did not surprise him because he had predicted it in 1830. Drawing near to his end when the insurrection of June broke forth at Paris, he spoke with admiration of the heroic death of the archbishop, and having received the last rites of religion with great sentiments of piety, he expired on the 4th of July, 1848. His remains were conveyed to St. Malo, his native city, and in compliance with his own request, were deposited in a tomb which the civil authority had prepared for him under a rock projecting into the sea. Mr. Ampere, in the name of the French Academy, delivered an address on the spot, and the Duke de Noailles, who succeeded him in that illustrious society, pronounced his eulogy at a public session held on the 6th of December, 1849.

Chateaubriand had rather a haughty bearing and spoke little. He was fond of praise, and bestowed it liberally upon others. With republican tastes, he defended and served the monarchical system as the established order, and was devoted to the Bourbon dynasty as a matter of honor. His political sentiments never changed, and he never ceased to be the advocate of enlightened liberty. His religious views once formed, he vindicated them by his writings, and honored them in the practice of his life. His disinterestedness was equal to his genius, and his beneficence was continually seconded by that of his wife. They were the founders of the asylum *Marie Therese* at Paris, a home for clergymen who are disabled by infirmity.

The works of Chateaubriand are: *Essai historique, politique et moral sur les révolutions anciennes et modernes, considérées dans leur rapport avec la révolution Française*. Londres, 1797, in 8vo. tome 1. In this work, the author in his attempts to assimilate the events and personages of the French revolution to those of antiquity, displays more imagination than reflection. The style as well as the substance of the volume betrays the youth and inexperience of the writer. He completed this *Essai* in 1814, observing that his political views had suffered no change. This was in fact true, as he espoused in his work the principles of constitutional monarchy, to which he had always adhered. To the honor of the author, he did not assert the same irreligious sentiments that had appeared in the *Essai*. These he nobly retracted in a series of notes which he added to the work, without deeming it necessary to expunge the objectionable passages from the context.

Atala, ou les amours de deux sauvages dans le desert. Paris, 1801, in 18mo. This little romance has been translated into several languages, and derives a singular charm from the vivid descriptions and impassioned sentiments which it contains. Religion, however, has justly censured the too voluptuous character of certain passages, which are unfit for the youthful eye.

Le Genie du Christianisme, or the Beauties of the Christian Religion. Paris, 1802, 3 vols. 8vo. Of all the works of Chateaubriand, this had the happiest influence upon his age and country. Voltaire and his school had too well succeeded in representing the dogmas of Christianity as absurd, its ceremonial ridiculous, and its influence hostile to the progress of knowledge. But Chateaubriand, by the magic power of his pen, produced a revolution in public sentiment. Addressing himself chiefly to the imagination and the heart, he compares the poets, philosophers, historians, orators and artists of modern times with those of pagan antiquity, and shows how religion dignifies and improves all that breathes its hallowed inspiration. The inaccuracies of thought and expression which appeared in the first edition, were corrected in the subsequent issues of the work.

Rene, an episode of the *Genie du Christianisme*. Paris, 1807, in 12mo. In this

fiction the writer depicts the advantages of religious seclusion, by showing the wretchedness of solitude where God is not the sustaining thought in the soul of man.

Les Martyrs, ou Le Triumphe de la Religion Chretienne. Paris, 1810, 3 vols. in 8vo. The subject and characters of this work are borrowed from antiquity, sacred and profane. The author proves what he advances in his *Beauties of Christianity*, that religion, far more than mythology, ministers to poetic inspiration. The expiring civilization of paganism, Christianity emerging from the catacombs, the manners of the first Christians and those of the barbarous tribes of Germany, furnish the author with a varied and interesting theme, which he presents with all the attractions of the most cultivated style.

Itineraire de Paris a Jerusalem, et de Jerusalem a Paris, &c. Paris, 1811, 3 vols. in 8vo. This work, one of the most interesting from the pen of the illustrious author, is characterized by beauty and fidelity of description, grand and poetic allusions, a happy choice of anecdote, sound erudition, and a perfect acquaintance with antiquity. With the publication of his travels in the East, Chateaubriand considered his literary life brought to a close, as he soon after entered the career of politics, which continued until the downfall of Charles X, in 1830.

During that period he published a large number of works, relating chiefly to the political questions of the day. The more important are those entitled *De Buonaparte, des Bourbons, &c.*, 1814—*Reflexions Politiques*, 1814—*Melanges de Politique*, 1816—*De la Monarchie selon la Charte*, 1816. This treatise may be considered as the political programme of the author, and is divided into two parts. In the first he exposes the principles of representative government, the liberty of thought and of the press, &c., and in the second he urges the necessity of guarding against revolutionary license, and points out the rights of the clergy and the popular system of public instruction. In his *Etudes Historiques*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1826, he lays down three kinds of truth as forming the basis of all social order; religious truth, which is found only in the Christian faith; philosophical truth, or the freedom of the human mind in its efforts to discover and perfect intellectual, moral and physical science; political truth, or the union of order with liberty. From the alliance, separation or collision of these three principles, all the facts of history have emanated. The world's inhabitants he divides into three classes; pagans, Christians, and barbarians; and shows how, in the first centuries of our era, they existed together in a confused way, afterwards commingled in the mediæval age, and finally constituted the society which now covers a vast portion of the globe. During the same year, 1826, the author published his *Natchez*, 2 vols. 8vo. containing his recollections of America, and *Aventures du dernier des Abencerages*, in 8vo., a romance not less charming than his *Atala*, and free from the objectionable character of that publication. The works that came from the author's pen after his retirement into private life, are, besides those mentioned above, *Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise, &c.*, 2 vols. 8vo.—*Le Paradis perdu de Milton, traduction nouvelle*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1836—*Le Congrès de Verone*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1838—*Vie de l'Abbé de Rancé*, in 8vo. 1844, rather a picture of the manners of the French court in the 17th century than a life of the distinguished Trappist—but the pen of the immortal writer still displays the vigorous and glowing style of his earlier productions, though certain passages criticised by the religious press show that it is not unexceptionable.

The *Memoires d'outre-tombe*, a posthumous work of the author, was published at Paris in ten, and has been reprinted in this country in five volumes. Chateaubriand here sketches with a bold hand the picture of his whole life; a mixture of

revery and action, of misfortune and contest, of glory and humiliation. We see grouping around him all the prominent events of contemporaneous history, which he explains and clears up. A remarkable variety exists in the subject-matter and in the tone of this work. The gayest and most magnificent descriptions of nature often appear side by side with the keenest satire upon society, and the loftiest considerations of philosophy and morals are blended with the most simple narrative. The vanity of human things appears here with striking effect, and the sadness which they inspire becomes still more impressive under the touches of that impassioned eloquence which describes them. At times, we discover in the writer the ingenious wit, and the clear, expressive and eminently French prose of Voltaire. These *Memoires*, however, are not faultless. The first part, in which he portrays the dreamy aspirations of his youth, may prove dangerous to the incautious reader. Critics charge the author with an affectation of false simplicity, with the abuse of neology and with a puerile vanity in speaking either in his own praise or otherwise. They pretend also that the work is overwrought, contains contradictions, and betrays sometimes in the same page the changing impressions of the author.

INDIVIDUALISM AND THE CHURCH.

Questions of the Soul. By I. T. Hecker. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

It is evident to the most superficial observer, that modern Deism is making astonishing progress in our country, especially in the eastern States—the former stronghold of Puritanism. The belief in the leading doctrines of Christianity is becoming vague and unsettled. The point that it has taken some nations three centuries to reach, we have gained in a generation. Doubt and indifference have succeeded to the most positive ideas in matters of faith,—and an absence of all restraint, to the most rigid church discipline. The change has been so great that were the stern Puritans to revisit us, they would not recognize as their descendants those who bear their names and boast of their deeds. But so it is, change follows change. The work of the so-called Reformation remains unaccomplished—for Reformation is still the watchword of the enthusiastic, the ardent and the hopeful amongst us who look for the good time, which is always coming, but sad to say, never comes—at least in the form in which they woo it.

Proceeding from this unsettled state of religious conviction, we discover two tendencies particularly manifest at the present time, essentially opposite and contradictory, and both diverging from the great central truth of Christianity. On one hand we perceive a decided leaning towards cold, hard disbelief, and a declension of faith, finally merging into, and becoming lost in, the grossest forms of materialism. This result is accelerated, not only by the wrangling of the sects as proclaimed in the confusion of tongues in which they urge their discordant claims, ending in the rejection of all, but measurably, by the undue importance assigned by the general voice, to material objects, and also, by the industrial triumphs realized in the subserviency of science to the mechanic arts and agriculture, and the impetus given to the commercial spirit by the practical application of steam, in effecting communication with distant points, bringing remote countries within reach, opening new regions and affording increased facilities for trade.

In view of these great achievements, man's self esteem is nourished. A false idea of greatness leads to a forgetfulness of his dependent state—he concentrates his affections on earthly objects and grasps at wealth and power, to minister to self gratification as his only good;—led astray by pride his intellect rebels against God,—he becomes indifferent to the high destiny for which he was created,—he departs farther and farther from the light of revelation till it becomes finally obscured and his proud and rebellious heart whispers to him “there is no God,—eat, drink, be merry,—die, and thy destiny is accomplished.”

On the other hand a growing taste for investigation into matters beyond the domain of reason,—an arrogant questioning of the order ordained by Providence for the government of man and the regulation of the universe, has given rise to the most absurd theories and the most dangerous delusions; imposture and credulity are so mixed up as to render the original elements scarcely discernible, and the result is so eminently ridiculous as to provoke our laughter, did not indignation against the knaves and commiseration for the dupes, enlist our most serious attention. We behold some unfortunates rushing on self-destruction in order to hasten the solution of their doubts, whilst others—with shattered minds—close their search after forbidden knowledge within the walls of our insane asylums. The worm would be equal unto God,—and lo! he becomes less than man, in losing man's title to supremacy over the brute. This is the end of “modern spiritualism”—the extreme of “modern materialism.” The “materialist,” the scriptures emphatically declare to be “a fool”—the spiritualist is bereft of reason. Such indeed are the sad results of a deviation from divinely established and authoritative Christianity; nor need we be surprised thereat; for they are but the natural consequences of the religious revolt—but a confirmation of the predictions of those who saw the wide spread degradation which was to follow the separation from God, in the proclamation of the right of private judgment in matters of faith, and the erection of the scriptures into an element of contention, instead of a code subject only to the interpretation of a lawful tribunal.

When man loses his hold upon revelation, and casts loose from “the faith once delivered to the saints” and communion with them and their successors, he cannot long maintain a middle ground. If logical in following out the first step of departure from the infallible standard, he inevitably reaches one or the other extreme. Some there are, it is true, who remain undecided—and wavering, are lost;—but they are those of feeble intellect,—the bold, the daring and the skeptical reach the terminus sooner or later. When they once pass the great central truth—on one side of which is belief in every thing, on the other in nothing—the descent is rapid—the end certain.

But there are many who, retaining a portion of Christian truth, and dissatisfied with the unfruitfulness of Protestantism, in which they were nurtured, look for a new revelation. These men feel the instincts of a higher destiny; but pride and human respect, and the impressions of early training, draw them away from the fountain of living waters, where alone they can assuage their thirst after knowledge. Their vision is clouded to the perception of the beaten path—that, which has been followed for ages—which, opened by Christ, has been trodden by the army of his saints, and along which they have erected their signals. This is no flowery path, inviting to ease and luxurious repose, for duty points the way, and permits no wavering from her stern dictates. Behold, on either side, the warning crosses of those who fell whilst on their journey—bearing the yoke of Christ and in his service—and dying left them there, beacons to guide the steps of future travellers, as

well as lights to animate and cheer them on. See! this, the Eagle of Hippo planted, and this, the Angel of the Schools; and these,—set up in later days—were borne by blessed Alphonsus, and heroic Xavier, and the friend of the poor—Vincent de Paul. What a perfect line! reaching to our own days. There are crosses of little children, of youths and maidens, of old men and women, of pontiffs and laymen, of freemen and slaves;—all conditions of life, all races, all colors are represented on this way;—from the ends of the earth they have been gathered into this path;—it is that which leads to eternal life—that connects earth and heaven;—there is no other—no newer—no easier,—no first class railroad line!—All who would make the journey must enter therein in humility like unto little children.

The regenerators of society and enthusiasts of our day, in their search after novelties, and in the various panaceas for the cure of the ills of life, forget or despise the warning conveyed in the case of the man who, condemned to everlasting separation from God, besought that a messenger might be sent to those on earth whom he loved, to admonish them of his fate, so that they might profit thereby. "They have Moses and the prophets" was the answer. Yes!—and we have the law of Christ and his ever-living, speaking, Church. No more signs can be expected—no more proofs. The commission, "Go, teach all," is a finality. There is no other organ for the enunciation and propagation of truth—no other source of knowledge—no other means for the communication of the tidings of salvation—no other guide to direct man in the attainment of the perfect realization of his destiny.

There is something so great in man, that even in his most fallen state he gives evidence of the nobility of his nature, and of the sublime destiny for which he was created. If Dives, though in hell, could feel compassion for his unfortunate brethren, and beg of God to send his messenger to them—that they might repent and be saved, with what divine charity must the souls of those be animated, who, having found God and his truth, enjoy while yet on earth a foretaste of their destiny in being united with God,—burn to proclaim the tidings to former companions who still wander in error—led astray by the passion and the pride of life—batting against the grosser modes of existence—cast about by every wind of doctrine—looking up to heaven for a new revelation—spurning that exemplified in the life of the God-man in all its details of precept, and practice, and denying the efficacy and sufficiency of that crowning act of redemption, accomplished at the price of his blood—blotting out the stain of Adam and rendering man once more a pleasing object in the sight of his creator.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of the little book—the title of which heads this article—written by one whose investigations have led him to the source of truth, and who desires to announce to all, the fulness of his joy and at the same time to clear away some of the mists of ignorance and prejudice that obscures the glorious vision from so many with whom he long held companionship in doubt and disappointment of the present—in hope of the future—the hope which with him has ended in fruition.

The preface at once enlists us by its out-spoken earnestness. Read the following extract:

"One thing we can truly say of the following sheets; they are not idle speculations. Our heart is in them, and our life's results. That they may be a means to answer life's problem to earnest souls, is our only ambition. With this, knowing that truth is never spoken in vain, we send them forth."

Noble words!—seasonable, bold, and worthy of a Christian! They will, we

believe, be a means of arresting the attention and indicating a guidance to many whose noblest aspirations have hitherto wanted a definite aim, and whose best acts have been rendered nugatory by misdirection. "Not always does doubt spring from deficiency,—in earnest hearts, it is but another form of faith and prayer"—are the cheering words of the author, addressed to those wanderers, if they will but turn their misgivings and irresolution to proper account, by offering them, a sacrifice of obedience, on the altar of faith. These "Questions of the Soul," if pondered well, and the answers duly weighed, will go far we believe to resolve doubts into certainty and lead to a line of action which can be pursued without fear or perplexity.

The author sets out with an inquiry into man's destiny and its nature. From the dignity of man, he shows, that God alone is the end of man and that his true destiny is, "to know, to love, to live for God." Respecting this destiny, Goethe and Schiller, Carlyle and Emerson, W. H. Channing and Margaret Fuller, are interrogated, but all fail in defining it satisfactorily. In the attempts so often made towards realizing a nobler mode of being—a more spiritual life—the author lays before us the ideas of Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras and others of the ancients, and notices their insufficiency to meet the requirements of man's nature, and their consequent decay and final passing away. Of the existence of a similar craving of the heart in the United States, he remarks,

"There is a large class of persons in the United States who look for and seek a more spiritual and earnest life. There is scarcely an American family which will not testify to the truth of this statement, not only as a present fact but as a part of its history, by the efforts of some one or more of its members to realize such a life. One might almost say that this desire, after a more spiritual life, is one of the chief characteristics of the American people."

We have next a description of "Brook Farm," "Fruitland," and kindred experiments. The ideas, hopes and aspirations of the members are placed before us chiefly in their own words. Yet notwithstanding all that was noble, generous and unselfish, these enterprises were marked by barrenness—they came to nought.

Marking all these failures, the author exclaims—"Were all these high hopes but idle fancies and splendid insufficiencies? Were all these holy aspirations but illusions and deceptive dreams? Were these heroic sacrifices but evidences of minds deluded? Then is life a mockery." "Is there a path?" "There is, one that leads us to our final aim; who is the one that has discovered it, and standing out as a guide, can say to humanity 'Tis I; I am the way that leads to truth and life—follow me!'"

In Christ, the model,—his life the model life, is the answer to the question, "Is there a path?" In the chapters—"The model man"—"The model life"—embracing the life of Christ and the plan of redemption—we have, in vigorous style, and with a brevity rarely equalled, these momentous "questions" treated—the gospel language being freely introduced in the most happy manner in illustration and confirmation of the chief points.

The author next passes to the "Idea of the Church,"—what the Church should be, in order to manifest the continuance of Christ amongst men, in an authoritative guide and teacher, and to satisfy the demands of the soul in its passage to its final end,—"Where and which is this Church?" Are we "still to look for it in the future?"

"What first claims our serious attention is the faith of the Church in which we were born and nurtured—the Protestant. Is the Protestant Church a true, kind

and loving mother, from whose breasts her children can draw copious streams of truth and love? or, is she a step-mother, heartless, cold, and are her breasts of stone? What is Protestantism?

"Protestantism courts free inquiry, and hails the disenfranchised intellect of man with shouts of joy; and we on our side will meet it with earnest hearts, with minds bent upon pursuing the truth at all costs, and with brave resolves to embrace it, and be true to its behests lead where they may. What says Protestantism?"

Protestantism fails in realizing the "Idea of the Church!" at the important point so often reached by those who seek the truth, and where so many falter, turning into the ways that branch off on either side to "materialism" or "spiritualism." We quote the author's summing up of the result of his investigations at this interesting stage of the inquiry:

"If there be upon earth such a thing as the real Church of Christ, it must teach the same teachings, it must live the same life, it must work the same works, it must image, express, and body forth Jesus Christ himself. As he was the Teacher and Redeemer to the generations in which he lived, so must his Church be the Teacher and the Redeemer to all generations of the world until the end of time.

"We have tried Protestantism and found it wanting. It is inadequate to satisfy the wants of the heart, or to meet the demands of the intellect. Protestantism does not represent Christ.

"What now shall we do? What hope remains, or is there any left? Is the idea of the Church a dream? Is Christianity a delusion? Was Christ a mistaken enthusiast?—a merely human philosopher, whose system must die out when his personal influence has had time to pass away? At any rate, we will be honest; and to be honest and Christian men, and yet to be Protestant, we cannot.

"What shall we do? We will go forward, but whither? To go outside of Christianity without the hope of one greater than Christ, is to go back, and plunge one's self once more in the darkness of heathenism. To attempt to improve Christianity from within, unless we are superior to Christ, is only to add another to the catalogue of religious frauds and impositions.

"The path grows narrower and narrower. There is no escape! What is left us? *Rome!!*

"What! Rome? Is it not an acknowledged fact that Rome and Romanism, Pope and Popery, have failed? Is not Romanism dead? nay, even buried? Would you in mockery of our woe send us to Rome? Is it there, that the hunger of the soul after truth, and its cravings for love and beauty, are to be appeased? After all our wanderings, are we then to be brought back to the spot on which we turned our backs at the outset of our inquiries after truth?"

"What says Rome?" No one can long pursue the search after truth without the glorious vision of Rome arresting his attention and challenging his admiration and his love. No historian can trace the progress of men and nations, without being struck by the wonderful influence exerted by Rome in the original formation of the Christian society and in its reconstruction after the irruption of the barbarians, when was laid the foundations of our boasted civilization—Rome is the key of history. No poet can sing like him who strikes his lyre under the chastening of Rome, and lets its chords vibrate the whole future destiny of man, in paradise, in purgatory and in hell—Rome is the soul of poetry. No artist, untaught of Rome, can hope to fix upon his canvass, the ideal of our Virgin Mother—the glory of archangels, the martyrs' triumph, the heroic deeds of saints and holy ones—Rome is the protector of the arts, the seat of beauty and of truth.

Cathedral vast and humble church whisper alike of changeless Rome, and names of men and women, of cities, squares and streets, of consecrated days, of popular sports, of terms of courts, of mountains and valleys, of bays and head-

lands, of ships and marts of commerce, of discoveries and new lands—all, direct us thither, as the ancient, present, and ever to be perpetuated Church of God.

"What," asks the author, "does Rome say to the questions that Protestantism has failed to answer? What says Rome to the need of an unerring and divine authority in religion?"

"Rome declares distinctly and emphatically that in religion there is no other than an unerring and divine authority, and that none other should be obeyed. Such is Rome's answer to the question of authority.

"Rome tells us more; she says, that to deny and repudiate in religion all human authority, and to believe and obey nothing that does not rest on a divine basis, this it is to be Catholic. Such is Rome's answer to the supreme want of the heart—obedience. Rome, therefore, imposes upon no one a human authority. The man that occupies St. Peter's chair, as man, is no more than the measure of any other man. The man that occupies St. Peter's chair, as the successor of St. Peter, as the head of Christ's Church, and his representative on earth, his voice is Christ's voice. His voice is not only Christ's voice to others, but also to himself. The Pope, as a man and as a Catholic, is bound, first of all, to obey the authority of Christ, of which he is the representative, central organ and mouthpiece.

"The least instructed and most simple-minded Catholic obeys the authority of no man, whether he be a priest, a bishop, an archbishop, a cardinal, or the Pope himself. No Catholic, as Catholic, owes obedience to any other authority than the authority of God. Let any one venture to claim any other authority, or present any thing contrary to the divinely received dogmas and doctrines of the Church, and the whole Catholic world would be up in arms in an instant.

"The Pope is equally subject to the doctrine of the Church as the poorest and humblest Catholic in the United States, and the conditions of salvation are the same for him as for any other Catholic. His obedience is just as great. It would not be a thing unheard of for a Pope to be refused absolution by a simple priest, his confessor. From this point of view, there reigns a most perfect equality in the Catholic Church. And while all obey, none feel degraded; on the contrary, the authority being divine, obedience, while it gives security, repose and peace to the heart, elevates, ennobles, and gives freedom to the mind."

He traces Rome's teaching—from "childhood" and her solicitude for the little ones, to "confession"—that so completely meets the needs of man's burthened conscience and washes away the stain of sin—comforts, consoles and directs the sinner on the re-opened path of peace and virtue,—thence to the "Eucharist," that blessed sacrament that fills the heart of man with love and unites him to God, and "Extreme Unction," that prepares him for the final passage to a happy eternity. In all these doctrines, the author shows how completely the Church applies herself to the necessities of the soul. "Thus," he exclaims,

"The Catholic Church, the bride of Christ, the true mother of our souls, receives the infant at its birth by holy Baptism, yea, even before baptism, in preparing its birth by the sanctification of the marriage of its parents; and by her guidance through all the vicissitudes of life, and the helps of her holy sacraments, she leads it to the grave, and ceases not her hold upon her child beyond the grave, till she sees it safe and secure, a citizen of heaven, in its true home, in the bosom of God. She realizes the very ideal of a true and loving mother of souls.

"Though the soul has reached heaven, the bond of sympathy between it and the Church is not broken; it still continues to be her child,—yea, more hers now than ever, for the triumphant church in heaven, the militant church upon earth, and the suffering church in the place of purification, are one, and united closely in sympathy as one body.

'Bond of strange union; when we kneel
With saints on earth, and saints on high
Bound in mysterious sympathy.'

"Such are the answers of the Catholic Church to the deep wants of man's heart; and in these answers, the heart finds full satisfaction, supreme repose, and perfect bliss. And we, on our part, have no fear, that the system of religion which satisfies fully the wants of the heart, is not strong enough to stand the severest tests of the most rigid logic. For, the affections of the heart are also guides to truth, and as unerring, when pure, as the logic of the understanding."

The writer next passes to "external testimony," and shows how the Church meets man's needs. By supplying spiritual direction, in the way she opens for those "who would realize in daily conduct the life of Christ, in all its purity, loveliness and beauty"—through her religious orders; by her inculcation of the practice of religious obedience, so entirely consistent with perfect liberty; by her approval of voluntary poverty for the love of Christ—in order to be like unto Christ; by her defence of chastity and wise sanction of celibacy, so that some at least of her children might be freed from the cares of life and the ties of family, and emancipated from the harassing restrictions consequent on making provision for the future of a narrow circle, and ready to depart with scrip and staff to proclaim the glad tidings to far lands, or to devote themselves more entirely to their vocation and realize in a more special manner the bequest of their divine Master by ministering unto his suffering members—the poor; by her sanction of self-denial and mortification, so that the disciple might imitate his Redeemer—take up his cross and follow him; by her love of nature, in pressing even material objects into her service, making them tributary to man, and do homage through him, to God,—in order that all things should praise their Creator.—"And why should she not," asks the author, "when all nature contributes to her most sacred functions, and takes an essential part in her worship?"

In the "exhortation" the author vividly depicts the glory and perfection of the Christian life.

"To those who seek for true greatness, and a permanent basis for action, a divine basis for life,—a basis that will give to the intellect ever brighter visions of truth, to the heart irresistible impulses to love and heroism, and to the arm an unfailling strength; a life that will render them independent of all ties of kindred and friendship, and make them conquerors of the world, and masters of themselves; it is here, in these schools of religious discipline, they will find it, and all the means to make such a life their own. Out of these schools came the Jeromes, Augustines, Gregories, Bernards, Francisces, the Vincent de Pauls, the Xaviers, and other great doctors and missionaries of the Church. Yes, the Catholic Church is the mother of great men, the nurse of heroes, and of an unfailling succession of saints and martyrs. It is the very nature of the Catholic faith when it takes root in the heart to make men superior to nature, and true heroes."

In "conclusion" he solves the question of questions.

"Man has a destiny,—his end is God,—his life is divine. Jesus Christ is the complement of man,—the restorer of the race. The Catholic Church is the manifestation of Jesus Christ,—the organ by which Jesus Christ perpetuates his life upon earth, and the organ of man's restoration, and nature's restoration through man."

In taking our leave of this remarkable book, we would say to all who would wish to hear Rome's answer to the question of man's destiny, in its practical application to the life of the Christian, in leading him on to its accomplishment—"read this little work,"—it will amply repay perusal; for in addition to earnest, burning language, and a style, combining brevity with wonderful force—making

every sentence tell on the reader, it abounds with the choicest quotations from writers of the transcendental school, who furnish conclusive evidence, in their own words, of the unsatisfying character of their attempts to render the individual independent of authority, and the hopelessness of their endeavors to imitate, even faintly, the divine life, which is only possible within the pale of the Church.

The writer has done well in compressing his matter; ponderous tomes are slighted by our people,—enough that we have the pith and marrow of the subject. This book goes forth to enlist many readers in the outer world, and as the “questions” are pertinent to the complexion of the times and the existing state of religious feeling, we are glad on this account, that the author has given it a popular form, and we welcome it as a valuable addition to our literature. We hail it as an instalment of a long list of contributions bearing the Christian impress, which shall go far to counteract the effects of the flood of anti-christian and licentious publications—native and imported—which pouring cheaply from the press, deluges the land and threatens a general demoralization and corruption of morals and manners. We accept it as the record of the throbbings of a generous and truly American heart, Catholic, and therefore, hopeful of the future of the republic. And what a glorious future! A passing ray lately swept before the vision of Mr. Bancroft, but he saw but dimly and undiscerningly the surpassing beauty of Christian America. To the eye of Faith it presents itself in unveiled splendor; this is the “manifest destiny” of which men talk, as did the pagans of “the unknown God,”—it is in their midst, though they know it not, though they ignore its presence, though they hate it or dispise it. The Church in America is the destiny of the republic—she shall make of us one people, and bind us in a common bond of union, and this shall be our future.

To the earnest, those who in sincerity seek the truth, and who in their search may have been led to “Brook Farm,” or to “Fruitland”—to the investigation of “spiritualism,” or into the mazes of “transcendentalism,” we commend these “questions of the soul”—for them, the subject is all important.

That the author’s hopes concerning the youth of our land, will be realized it is our consolation to believe; for therein consists the salvation of the republic. Those “who have no instilled misconceptions of the truth, and who, when it is seen, have the loyalty and the courage to embrace it,” must look to Rome, and in the voice of Rome, recognize the echo of His voice—resounding through the centuries—who said, “**HEAR THE CHURCH.**”

R. E.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

An Extract from a short poem, by Rev. Dr. FABER.

O PUREST of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother! and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled;
And the tempest-toss'd Church—all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

The Church doth what God had first taught her to do;
He look'd o'er the world to find hearts that were true;
Through the ages, He look'd, and He found none but thee,
And he loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

SUBSTANCE OF A DISCOURSE

*Delivered in the Cathedral of Baltimore, March 15th, 1855, on the occasion of a funeral service for the late Bishop of Charleston. By Rev. C. I. WHITE, D.D.**

"Martha said to Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But now also I know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. Jesus saith to her, thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith to him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said to her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one that liveth and believeth in me, shall not die for ever. Believest thou this? She saith to him, yea, Lord, I have believed that thou art Christ the son of the living God, who art come into this world." *John xi.†*

MY BRETHREN:

THE circumstances under which we are assembled, are but a repetition of the impressive and affecting scene recorded in the gospel, which represents to us Jesus and Martha conversing familiarly over the remains of Lazarus which lay mouldering in the grave. In that simple and touching language which only the most tender affection could inspire, she exposes to our Divine Saviour the poignancy of her grief: she lays open her sorrowing heart to that Heart which was love itself, and whose boundless compassion offered a true and only solace for all the ills of humanity. She does not appeal in vain. "Thy brother shall rise again," said the Saviour. . . . "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one who liveth and believeth in me, shall not die for ever." Such is the consoling language which the Son of God addresses also to us on the present occasion. A distinguished and venerated brother of the household of faith has been snatched away from us by the unsparing hand of death, and his friends, members of the same great family to which he belonged, hasten into the presence of Jesus Christ, to hear from him the word of comfort and of hope; and what does he say to us? "I am the resurrection and the life: he who believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one who liveth and believeth in me, shall not die for ever." Happy, my brethren, if like Martha, we accept with unfaltering faith these consoling declarations of the Son of God! Thrice happy, if it be given to us to understand the immortal hopes, the imperishable life of him who believes in Jesus Christ! This is the sublime, yet practical lesson we have to learn from the ceremonial of this day. We are assembled, not to mourn over the loss of a mere man; for man is nothing unless reflected in the mirror of the divinity: much less do we weep over the unbeliever, whose tomb is shrouded in everlasting terrors: we are come together, to contemplate the character of the Christian, and particularly the Christian priest and pontiff; to behold him, although cut off by the stern decree of death, yet advanced in the way of life; to view him still holding communion with us, still the object of our pious regard; and to refresh our minds and hearts by the mutual consolation which these considerations are calculated to inspire.

It was the happiness of our departed friend to be born of parents who were deeply impressed with the infinite importance of religion. They had emigrated from the State of Maryland to that of Kentucky, when the latter was still the

* It was designed to furnish an article in the form of a biographical memoir, but on reflection it was deemed more instructive and edifying to present the information as embodied in the following discourse.

† Gospel of the liturgy on the occasion of an interment.

haunt of the savage inhabitants of the forest; yet offering inducements to industry and enterprise which were not to be found in their former home. Looking, however, to the main point, which should always be the governing principle in the projects of life, the early Catholic settlers of Kentucky established themselves as far as practicable in the same part of the country, the vicinity of Bardstown, that they might enjoy more effectually the consolations of their religion. At the birth of Ignatius Reynolds, which occurred on the 20th of August, 1798, the Catholic community in that region were, comparatively speaking, well provided with zealous missionaries who neglected no means of promoting the spiritual welfare of their flock. In a few years, other laborers arrived in the vineyard; then the erection of an episcopal see and the establishment of institutions for the education of youth, gave a more effective organization to the Church in Kentucky, and threw round the rising generation that protection which is so necessary a safeguard of faith and morals.

But to the vigilance of his parents, and especially to the solicitude of a pious mother, was the young Reynolds chiefly indebted for that elevation of character which distinguished him through life. A pattern of every Christian virtue, and fully sensible of the paramount obligation incumbent on her, she taught him from the very dawn of reason to look up to heaven as the glorious end of his creation and the only worthy object of his aspirations. With what affectionate reverence, with what grateful veneration did he always speak of that mother, who had watched so assiduously over his childhood, to protect it against the blighting influence of the world, and to impress his mind and heart with every celestial grace! How justly did he cherish the memory of parents, who had proved themselves so devoted to his true happiness! For, here was the secret of that excellence and distinction to which he subsequently attained: here was the sowing of the precious seed which afterwards grew into a stately tree, and brought forth the fairest fruits of virtue.

Under these favorable auspices, Mr. Reynolds traversed successfully the period of youth, that critical age which, according to the declaration of the holy scriptures, determines the character of man for life. "A young man according to his way; even when he is old he will not depart from it."* The instance before us is but a confirmation of the inspired word. As the young Reynolds advanced in years, he beheld religion diffusing on every side her peaceful blessings, and under the impulse of those virtuous impressions which he had received under the parental roof, he availed himself with eagerness of the graces which she dispensed. He was equally diligent in the cultivation of the talents which God had bestowed upon him. His abilities were of no common order. Endowed with a quick comprehension and an exuberant fancy, he was naturally formed for the acquisition of knowledge, and he was assiduous in setting to profit the opportunities of instruction which his native State then afforded. But the absorbing object of his thoughts and aspirations was the science of the saints: for he well understood the utter worthlessness of all knowledge that did not tend ultimately to the sanctification of his soul.

Thus did the Almighty exhibit in his youthful character the germ of that high destiny to which he was called, and already mark him as a vessel of election, to publish to the world the saving doctrines of religion. No sooner had he acquired the rudiments of secular learning, than he manifested an inclination for the sacred sciences, and a desire to consecrate himself entirely to the service of the Church

* Prov. xxii, 6.

and the greater glory of God. With what joy these indications of his vocation to the ecclesiastical state were witnessed by his pious parents, may be better imagined than described: with what gratitude to heaven they were hailed by the chief pastor of the diocese, may be readily conceived, when we consider the rapid progress of religion in Kentucky during the first quarter of this century, the number of Catholics having increased in a ten-fold ratio, and presenting a harvest for the gathering of which the missionary force then in the field was altogether inadequate. Under these circumstances, the eminent qualities of our departed friend opened a bright perspective for that portion of the Church; and they who had the charge of his education, understood the importance of affording him every facility for the prosecution of his studies, and the thorough training of his heart to the spirit of the sanctuary. Under the able professors who then dispensed the light of sacred knowledge in the West, he drank deeply at the fount of theological lore, while he strove with unremitting assiduity to perfect himself in those virtues which became the sanctity of his profession. That nothing, however, should be omitted for the development of the excellent gifts he had received, and for turning them to the best advantage for the service of religion: (for the apostle would have the "man of God to be perfect and furnished to every good work,") he was advised to seek in the literary institutions of the East a more extensive acquaintance with the natural sciences. The Church of God presses every thing into her service for the refutation of error and the more successful diffusion of divine truth. It is the office of religion to lead men to God, and such also is the end of the beautiful creation around us. Hence science and art must always be the handmaids of religion, co-operating with her in proclaiming the magnificence, the wisdom and the goodness of the Almighty.

With these views, Mr. Reynolds repaired in December, 1821, to the ecclesiastical seminary of Baltimore, "the Alma Mater of religion in the West," and while he continued in that institution to occupy himself with various branches of sacred learning, he applied himself particularly to the study of chemistry and the mathematics, under the distinguished lecturers who then shed so much glory over old St. Mary's, not less by the splendor of their virtue than by the vastness of their scientific acquirements. Who can recall without a sense of grateful admiration, the memory of the Wheelers and the Chevignés; men who by the fervor of their genius animated their pupils to climb with cheerfulness the rugged steep of knowledge, while in the modest virtue and unaffected piety of their lives they exhibited the true dignity of the Christian scholar! It was under these accomplished professors that our departed friend enriched his mind with the treasures of physical science. Having a peculiar taste and facility for the acquisition of these branches of learning, he soon became conversant with those wonderful evidences of divine power and wisdom, which are displayed in the laws of the universe; in those mighty orbs which traverse the boundless fields of space, and in the mysterious recesses of the earth beneath our feet: and his mind and heart became as it were attuned to the voice of inspiration, which calls upon the heavens and the earth, upon the sun and moon, upon all things, animate and inanimate, to proclaim the glory of the Most High.

But, the time had arrived, when he was to communicate to others the store of knowledge which he had accumulated with so much industry. Having been promoted to the holy order of priesthood in October, 1823, by the Most Rev. Dr. Mareschal, he returned to his native State, where he became a professor in St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, which had been only a few years in operation, and which seemed to require some master mind to consolidate it as an institution

of learning, and to give it increased respectability and efficiency in the eyes of the public, by the enlargement of its course of study. The energy and acquirements of Mr. Reynolds pointed him out as a fit person to preside over the interests of that establishment, which at the same time was embarrassed with a heavy indebtedness. His labors here were crowned with the most flattering success. The college was freed from its difficulties, and in a short space of time attained a degree of prosperity which could scarcely have been anticipated. But, whatever importance we may attach to a skilful economy, it will always be subordinate to that firmness of discipline, which is the conservative element of an educational institution. It was by a due enforcement of rule that the Rev. Mr. Reynolds maintained the reputation of the college, as a house where the premature independence of American youth could be effectively controlled, and made to bend under the dictates of reason and of law. All this, however, could not satisfy the lofty aspirations of the priest of God. What real joy could he have experienced, if in the midst of his arduous labors, he felt that he was only imparting to the mind of youth a knowledge that puffeth up, that would swell the heart with a vain self-complacency, and exert no influence for the great interests of eternity? Such indeed is the spirit of the age in which we live; for the genius of error is always the same, and we still hear among its deluded votaries loud and incessant clamorings for knowledge, as if mere knowledge were a panacea for all the miseries of our fallen condition, as if knowledge had not brought upon our first parents and all their posterity that endless train of evils to which they are doomed; as if the voice of experience did not proclaim in thunder-tones, that knowledge is now what it was in the very origin of time, a forbidden and fatal fruit, unless cultivated by the hand of piety. This was the principle that directed the exercises of St. Joseph's College, and could not fail to imbue the minds of its students with that high moral tone which was requisite to guide them safely amidst the future contingencies of life.

From the shades of classic retirement, where he had so assiduously trimmed the lamp of knowledge for the space of three years, Mr. Reynolds was called to a more prominent sphere, where he was to labor more directly to enkindle the purer flame of divine charity in the hearts of men. Appointed the pastor of Louisville, he was well selected to minister in the midst of a polished and enlightened population, to give to Catholicity that claim to public regard which it sometimes loses by the ignorance or rudeness of an incompetent clergyman. Not that religion courts the pride of this world, or seeks to flatter the passions of men: no—her delight is among the humble and the poor, for there she finds the livery of her divine Master: but, as her mission is also to confound the vain boastings of men by the power of truth, to strip all earthly greatness and happiness of their pretended worth; to vindicate the rights of that God whom she adores, and exhibit him as the deserving object of universal and undivided love, she makes her way even into that society where an empty show and deceitful joy predominate; like the apostle, she makes herself all to all, to win all to Christ: she employs all the resources of knowledge, she assumes all the graces of social refinement, that she may obtain as it were an audience at the tribunal of the human heart, and succeed perhaps in rescuing some deluded victim from an unhappy end. Such was the important and delicate office that devolved upon the pastor of Louisville: nor did he prove unequal to the task allotted. In manners affable and attractive; in conversation ready; in discussion learned and convincing; in preaching dignified, eloquent and instructive; in his ministrations to the sick and the poor, assidu-

ous and devoted; in the general attentions required for the welfare of his flock, zealous and indefatigable; he exhibited the character of the true pastor as delineated by *Eternal Wisdom* in the gospel; he knew his sheep and his sheep knew him, and they heard his voice; and while he led them amid delightful pastures, he defended them from the assaults of the infernal wolves who sought to rob them of their everlasting inheritance. During the pastoral labors of Mr. Reynolds at Louisville, it became a place of considerable importance in a commercial point of view, and the seat of a large and increasing Catholic population: circumstances which induced the bishop of Bardstown, with the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, to transfer his episcopal see to the former city. At this time, about the commencement of 1841, our departed friend, who had just returned from a visit to Europe, which he had undertaken for the restoration of his enfeebled health, was appointed by the bishop his vicar general, a post of honor and jurisdiction which not only evinced the high character which he bore at home, but was the foreshadowing of another and loftier position to which he was called in the designs of providence.

Eighteen months had not elapsed, when the American church, and particularly the diocese of Charleston, was thrown into mourning by the decease of the illustrious Dr. England. May it not be said that letters and science, as well as religion, poured forth the accents of grief at the loss of that great man, whose genius had illuminated a whole hemisphere, whose apostolic labors would have shone conspicuous in the brightest periods of the Christian faith, whose eloquent voice had always been uplifted in defence of Catholic truth, whose powerful pen had ever been the terror of heresy, and whose simple virtues not less than his gigantic talents had won for him a universal admiration? Who was now to fill that chair which had become identified with the highest excellence that can adorn the mitre? In the judgment of the prelates who were assembled in the fifth provincial council of Baltimore, in May, 1843, the Rev. Mr. Reynolds was considered qualified by his eminent abilities, his extensive information, and his energetic spirit, to fill the vacant see, and he was accordingly consecrated the second bishop of Charleston, on the 19th of March of the following year, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Purcell, in the Cathedral of Cincinnati.

This fact, as it seems to us, constitutes alone the highest eulogy that could be awarded to a prelate at the opening of his episcopal career; and if we hear Dr. Reynolds, on his arrival at the theatre of his future labors, expressing the earnest wish that the mantle of his illustrious predecessor had fallen upon his shoulders,* we behold in this sigh of humility but the promise of that devoted and unremitting zeal which distinguished his course to the end. If he was alarmed in looking back upon the void which had been created by the departed spirit of the mighty England, he was not insensible to the difficulties which lay before him. The vast extent of his diocese, embracing three of the largest states in the union; the small number of Catholics sparsely scattered over this wide territory, and in the midst of a people whose traditions and social habits were peculiarly opposed to the acceptance of Catholic truth; such was the character of the field in which he was destined to labor, and for the improvement of which he toiled incessantly, casting every where the precious seed of truth, and trusting to the blessing of the divine Husbandman for the cheering increase. I might speak to you in detail of the virtues which distinguished his episcopal administration; of his ever watchful solici-

* These sentiments he expressed in the first pastoral letter which he addressed to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Charleston.

tude for the interests of the flock committed to his care; of the progress of religion which crowned the efforts of his zeal; of his powerful advocacy of religious truth, in public and in private, "in season and out of season;" of the paternal kindness which he always manifested towards his clergy, whom he looked upon, not as subjects or menials, but as friends and brethren; of his enlarged hospitality which St. Paul enumerates among the characteristic virtues of a Christian bishop; of his charity to the poor, whom he assisted according to his ability; of his courteous and affable, yet dignified demeanor towards all men, which won for him the respect of all; of his disinterested spirit, no mean qualification in this age of materialism and money-worship; I might dwell upon each of these topics, which would suggest observations not less instructive to you than honorable to the memory of our departed friend: but there are certain prominent results of his ministry which embody to a certain extent all these virtues, which will be lasting monuments of his zeal, his wisdom and his piety, and to which therefore I must briefly call your attention.

It has been truly said of the first bishop of Charleston that he was "the restorer of classical learning" in that city, by the establishment of an academy which offered to young men every facility for pursuing a liberal course of study, and at the same time gave an impulse to the formation of other similar institutions. The administration of his immediate successor was distinguished by the same zeal for the cause of education, which at length resulted in the foundation of a collegiate institute at Columbia, in South Carolina, by its present energetic principal, under whose skillful management it has risen to a high degree of prosperity, and been empowered by the State to confer literary honors. The successful operation of such an establishment in the diocese of Charleston reflects the more credit upon the zealous efforts of its clergy for the diffusion of knowledge, as it possesses but slender resources compared with other parts of the country, in which no institution of the kind has yet sprung into existence. But the facts which I have mentioned, are especially worthy of note as contributing to the mass of evidence which proves that the Catholic clergy are among the foremost, the most enterprising and the most successful patrons of knowledge and education in these United States as well as in every other region of the globe. There is no more brilliant chapter in the annals of mankind than that which records their patient labor and glorious achievements in the cause of science and of letters.

One of the main objects that occupied the thoughts of Dr. Reynolds, on his accession to the see of Charleston, was to rescue from oblivion the admirable writings of his illustrious predecessor. Those learned discussions which had so often confounded error, and shed a ray of light and hope into the benighted and desponding soul; those historical essays, which had so successfully vindicated the honor of the Church in days gone by, and thrown so much light upon our own ecclesiastical annals; those eloquent orations, which had so repeatedly held admiring thousands in breathless attention, were daily becoming more and more inaccessible as documents for reference, and, let it be said, great and irreparable would have been the loss, while a lasting stigma would have rested somewhere in the American church, if these precious remains of Dr. England's genius had been suffered to perish, or to lie buried amid the scattered leaves of periodicals and pamphlets which had become unknown to the public. But his worthy successor understood the full importance of collecting these literary treasures, and placing them in a form which would make them easily available to the student and the scholar. When he first announced his design to the Catholic community by a printed cir-

cular, soliciting their subscriptions to the publication, and their friendly co-operation in a work which had not merely a local interest, but regarded the welfare of the Church at large, his appeals were met with so much silent indifference, that he was seriously tempted to abandon the noble enterprise: but, by the encouraging counsels of friends he was stimulated to a renewed effort, in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, and that effort succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Posterity will honor him for this labor of love. In publishing the writings of his distinguished predecessor, he accomplished a great work: he rendered a signal service to science, to literature and to theology: he drew out from the mine the hidden gold, and gave it a free circulation for the benefit of his fellow-men.*

By his success in this undertaking, Dr. Reynolds immortalized the genius of Dr. England: but in the middle of the city of Charleston there stands a noble monument which will immortalize his own genius. That splendid cathedral, of vast proportions and costly finish, will tell future generations of the enlarged conceptions, the generous views, and the energetic spirit of him who commenced it and brought it to completion. The pontiff who will enter that hallowed enclosure, and putting on "the robe of glory" and "clothed with the perfection of power," will invoke upon his flock the Spirit of sanctification; the priest who will go up to the altar, and stretching forth "his hand to make a libation" and offering "of the blood of the grape," will renew the sacrifice of the Immaculate Lamb; the people who will come together "to adore the Lord their God," and to refresh their souls with the dews of heavenly grace; how will they bless the memory of him who erected amongst them a temple, so worthy the majesty of the Most High, so honorable to religion, so conducive to the spirit of piety and faith!

Thus, my brethren, does the venerated pontiff whose loss we deplore, live in the recollections of earth; but how much more in the radiant smiles of Heaven, amid the blissful realities of Infinite Perfection! If, as the Son of God assures us,

* One of the most pleasing recollections of our intercourse with the late bishop of Charleston, was an occasion on which we were instrumental in animating him to perseverance in this design. In this heavy undertaking he was much aided by the advice and cooperation of Messrs. Murphy & Co., whose valuable assistance he acknowledged in the following card published in the Catholic Miscellany, a few weeks previous to his death:

"**BISHOP ENGLAND'S WORKS.**—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds, Bishop of Charleston, in closing the account of sales of the first edition of Bishop England's Works, deems it an act of justice thus publicly to express his obligations to the firm of Messrs. John Murphy & Co., Catholic Publishers and Booksellers, Baltimore.

"Owing to the liberality of their arrangements with and for him in this the largest Catholic publication ever issued in the United States, and their zealous attention to the sales, 2,000 copies of this work in five large volumes, containing each upwards of 500 pages closely printed in double columns, have been published and successfully disposed of. Where many feared a great pecuniary loss, and few dared to hope for any profit, he has, through their untiring energy and great liberality, been enabled to meet the necessarily heavy expenses attending the enterprise, to distribute not a few copies among his friends within and without the Church, and to realize in addition the sum of two thousand dollars, which he has appropriated to religious and charitable objects.

"This success he feels to be due in a great measure to the exertions and admirable business arrangements of Messrs. Murphy & Co., to whom he wishes publicly to express his thanks.

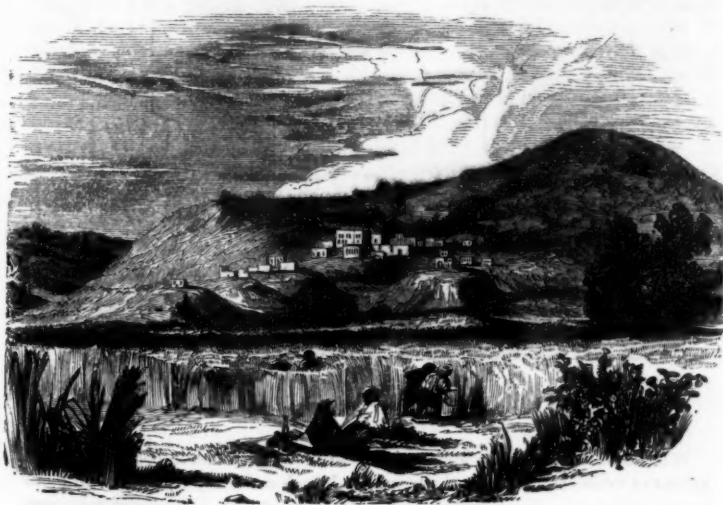
"He requests, as an act of courtesy to himself, and of justice to that enterprising firm, that the several Catholic papers of the United States will insert this card."

"he who believeth in him, shall live, and every one who liveth and believeth in him, shall not die for ever," what must be the life of the Christian, the priest, the pontiff, whose whole existence was but one continued faith in the promises and the merits of the Saviour, and in the sublime institutions by which he achieves the immortality of his followers! What but the spirit of faith, a desire to live only for God, an ardent desire after heavenly things could have prompted him to renounce the world from his earliest years, to cut himself off from its pleasures and distinctions, and to embrace a life of toil, of anxiety, of perpetual restraint upon natural inclination, and of tremendous responsibility in the sight of God: what could have prompted such a choice, and fulfilled such a career, but a powerful faith in Jesus Christ, which would willingly endure with him the labor and humiliation of his cross, that it might share also in the glory of his eternal kingdom? He lives, then, and our faith loves to fancy him amid that galaxy of illustrious spirits that surround the throne of God; among the Ignatiuses, the Augustines, the Chrysostoms, the Gregories of old, or the Carrolls, the Mareschals, the Fenwicks, the Englands, who have continued to our own day the brilliant chain of the apostleship: but, if he has not attained to those blissful seats where Infinite Perfection reveals itself face to face to the elect; if he still lingers in that expiatory prison where the justice of God demands the payment of the last farthing, he calls upon us not to forget the claims of charity; he appeals to us, in the name of those family ties which bind together all the members of the Church, whether militant on earth, suffering in purgatory or triumphant in heaven, to abridge by our prayers and good works the period of his atonement, and to accelerate his admission to the joys of everlasting life. And, how eloquently does he urge us to the pursuit of that high destiny for which we have been created? How forcibly does he inculcate from the silent tomb the vanity of all human things! How impressively does he warn us in those words of inspired truth, "yesterday for me, to-day for thee"! No advantages of the world, no influence of wealth, no elevation of rank can ward off the fatal blow which will bring to nought the prospects and calculations of life. At the approach of death, all the boasted structures of worldly greatness must crumble into ruins, and do homage to the truth: "vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, except to love God and serve him alone." If we are impressed with this truth when we see our fellow-beings snatched away from life, it strikes us with peculiar force on an occasion like the present. The pontiffs of the Christian religion, the successors of the apostles, sinking one after another into the grave, and yet the hierarchy of the Church retaining all its majestic completeness and sacred efficiency, proclaim with irresistible power that every thing human will perish, and that nothing can remain as a source of hope, as a principle of life, but what bears the impress of holiness, of that consecration which the Christian ministry imparts. Let us resolve, then, to live by faith, to aspire after those blessings which religion dispenses, and we shall witness with composure the approach of our mortal dissolution. When descending into the darkness of the tomb, faith will light up the prospect before us, verifying the words of the apostle: "O death, where is thy victory, O death, where is thy sting?" for the declaration of Jesus Christ must be fulfilled: "I am the resurrection and the life, he who believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live, and every one who liveth and believeth in me, shall not die for ever."

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

THE NATIVITY.

THE world was in peace; the adopted son of the great Cæsar held undisputed sway; from his Roman palace his power extended over many nations, and so vast was his empire that he ordered, in the words of scripture, "the whole world to be enrolled." Judea, the home of the people of God, heard the mandate of its foreign ruler, and the children of Jacob prepared to repair to the abode of their tribes and families to enable the Roman officers to take the census. On all sides men were journeying to distant points to meet at the cradle of their name. Down the steep side of the mountain where Nazareth lies perched, an aged man clad in his simple cloak is guiding an ass, that bears his young and gentle wife; he has exchanged the last farewell with kind neighbors before setting out on a long and painful journey. Poor as they are, a carpenter and his wife, they are both of the royal race of David and must reach the borders of the tribe of Juda, and Bethlehem, the distant town which gave the Prophet King to Sion. The year had far advanced; the rich harvests of Judea had long since been gath-



THE HARVEST OF JUDEA.

ered in ; the hills were beginning to look bleak and desolate, and as they reached in their winding road the exposed summits, the wind came piercing. But Joseph and Mary never complained ; in the command of the ruler they saw the voice of the Almighty and obeyed with joy and alacrity, without a murmur or complaint. Descending to the plain of Esdraelon they climbed the inhospitable hills of Samaria, where not a cup of cold water would be shared with them, and passing the fertile mount, where a schismatic temple rose to rival the shrine of God at Jerusalem, they came at last in sight of the holy city, of Sion, where their ancestors had reigned so long, but where a foreign tyrant, an Idumean, ruled, and the royal sons of Juda were ignored.



THE GATE OF JERUSALEM.

When at last the holy city appeared,—a dark towering mass in bold relief on the Mount of Olives and the blue sky beyond,—Joseph and Mary who had with pious hearts passed so many scenes of God's mercy or justice, now saluted with awe the holy city, and earnestly prayed that the Son of David might soon begin his glorious reign in the city of his father.

Entering in, they proceeded to the temple to offer their hearts and lives to the service of him who had bestowed such favors on them, and passing unnoticed the palace of their sires they left the city and wended their way to Bethlehem. Seated amid its vine-clad hills, the little city now bore a sombre hue, the hand of winter spread desolation around, and as they approached, the number of travellers hastening in, showed how numerous still was the scattered family of David. Relatives of the rich who passed or stood in the door-ways, yet strangers to them, the holy pair made their way to the inn in hopes of finding the usual traveller's cell. It was in vain that they sought a lodging, there was no room; in vain they appealed to the charity of the townfolk, but there was none to open. Mary's beauty, her modesty, her pallor, her critical state, touched not even a mother in Bethlehem: the night came on, and Mary, the blessed Virgin Immaculate, with her pure spouse, stood in the now lone streets uncertain where to go, with no refuge from the cold and damp, no shelter where she might repose, for her hour had come to give birth to the Son of the Most High. But he had so ordained: the divine lover of poverty chose his birth place:

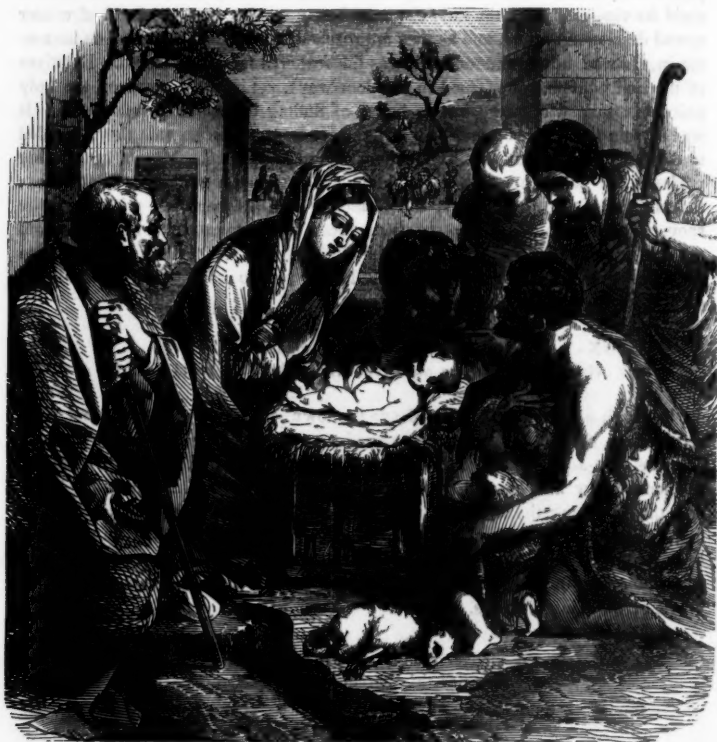
"No peaceful home upon his cradle smiled,
Guests rudely came and went where slept the royal child."

At last with a fervent prayer they leave the town, and finding near at hand a deserted cave, they enter as darkness closed around them. Here we may readily suppose, that Joseph kindled in haste a fire, and by its flickering light gathered the loose straw and spreading over it his garments formed a couch for Mary, and then securing the ass which bore her, sat down in silence. Then without anguish or travail, free from the pain imposed on Eve, as she had miraculously been freed from the transmitted sin of Eve, Mary gave birth to her divine Son. Wrapping him in swaddling clothes, she laid her new born babe in a manger, the cradle of the King of kings.

A manger scantily strewn with hay
Becomes th' Eternal's bed;
And He who feeds each smallest bird,
Himself with milk is fed.

It is too his shrine, and kneeling down, Mary adores him: while the air resounded with hymns and canticles of joy. The angels sang their notes of triumph "Glory be to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will." But it was not enough that Mary and Joseph should alone adore the Messiah, the long expected of nations, the desire of the everlasting hills; the angels hastened to the depth of a neighboring field where shepherds were keeping the night watch over their flocks. Encompassed in light they appeared to the amazed rustics, who fell prone with fear. "Fear not," said the angel, "lo! I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a saviour, who is the Christ our Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you; you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." Obedient to the call they cry, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this word that is come to pass," and taking a lamb as an offering to the new born king, they left the flocks in the hands of God and hastened to Bethlehem. Led, doubtless, by the heavenly light which radiated from the royal cave, they entered in, and falling

down in mute awe, adored with simple, unwavering faith the God of Israel, the Saviour.



But it was not only by humble shepherds that the man God was to be adored. Already in the distant East a miraculous star had called the faithful wise men to do him homage. The nations had not forgotten that a saviour was to arise from the house of Abraham, in the family of Jacob: "A star out of Jacob and a sceptre out of Israel," had been predicted by Balaam, the faithless prophet

"To him it glared afar,
A token of wild war
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath;"*

but to some it came now a welcome messenger. Three holy learned men recognized in it the sign that the King of the Jews was about to be born, and leaving kindred, home and friends, set out to seek him. Jerusalem they expected to find

* Keble.

in ecstasy at his birth, but it knew him not, and the wise men after filling Herod and the Jewish priests with trouble, learned that Bethlehem must be the spot of the Messiah's birth. Hastening on, they reached it before Mary and Joseph had left. A modest lodging had now been obtained, the census had been taken, and all was ready for departure when the three royal pilgrims arrived, wayworn and weary, but full of devotion and love, full too of faith which rose above the senses, and saw in the child of poverty the God of gods. Hastily drawing forth their presents, and guided by the star to the spot, they enter the humble dwelling, "rejoicing with exceeding great joy." Reaching the Mother and the Child divine, they fell down and adored him, and "opening their treasures, they offered him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh."



"Receive, sweet child! these marks of love,
Which figure forth thy power, thy fame,
Thou whom that Sire enthroned above,
Hast honored with a three-fold name!

The glitter of that golden hoard,
 That Sabæan incense, sweet perfume,
 Proclaim thee mighty King and Lord,
 While shows the myrrh the dreary tomb,
 It shows the tomb where God should lay,
 His mortal form deprived of breath,
 Whence rising soon he spurned the clay,
 And burst through all the bonds of death.”*

Warned by an angel the holy wise men withdrew silently from Bethlehem when their devotion was satisfied, full of faith and love, to return to their own lands and prepare all for the good tidings which that Infant Saviour would one day proclaim, and for the untold graces his ignominious death was to win for man; for who can doubt but that God revealed to these faithful pilgrims the secret of his future life; and who will doubt that ancient tradition which tells us that all became glorious martyrs to the faith.

Such are the mysteries of Bethlehem, the mysteries which Mary treasured in her heart and after the Pentecost announced to the apostles, and which on her word alone they proclaimed to the world as boldly and plainly as the miracles which they had witnessed. To Thomas, to Bartholomew, to James, she was the only evangelist, the only source whence they drew their narrative. The Blessed Virgin immaculate is so coupled with the Incarnation and its proof, that all who lessen her, soon see in Jesus a mere man. Let us, who adore Jesus as the Son of the living God, revere Mary his immaculate mother, as her on whose testimony alone we rely, a witness whose credibility we prove only by her spotless innocence, her heroic fortitude, her unfailing sweetness, her peerless holiness; in one word, her matchless virtue.

Next follow in the order of time the mysteries of the temple of Jerusalem: the presentation of the Divine Infant according to the law, the legal purification of the Blessed Virgin immaculate; for a purification such as other mothers needed, was not requisite for her.

“His throne thy bosom blest,
 O mother! undefiled—
 That throne, if aught beneath the skies,
 Beseems the sinless child.”†

With these are blended the recognition of the Saviour by holy Simeon and Anna, the canticle of benediction, the prophecy of our Saviour's passion and death, of our Lady's sorrows, and of her peculiar office of drawing sinners to the tribunal of penance “that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed.” Of all these mysteries Mary is our witness, as she was the witness of the evangelists whose writings have reached us.

The flight into Egypt, the love of poverty which a St. Bonaventure so touchingly depicts, the stay of the infant Jesus in Jerusalem to show his mother that he would one day tear himself from her at the voice of the priests and tarry three days with the patriarchs beyond the tomb; these, too, are all facts which we learn from Mary: but, were we to dwell on each mystery, the world, as the beloved apostle tells us, would not contain the countless volumes we should need.

We will pass on to his public life.

* Wallace.

† Keble.

OUR NEW "AMERICAN" LITERATURE.

1. **THE SONS OF THE SIRE**s; a history of the rise, progress and destiny of the American party, and its probable influence on the next presidential election. To which is added a review of the letter of the *Hon. Henry A. Wise* against the Know Nothings. By an American. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 223.
2. **STANHOPE BURLEIGH**; the Jesuits in our homes. A novel by Helen Dhu. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 406. New-York: Stringer & Townsend. 1855.
3. **THE ARCH-BISHOP**; or Romanism in the United States. By Orvilla S. Bellisle. Beautifully illustrated; sixth edition. Philadelphia: published by William White Smith. 1855. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 408.

A NEW literary era has dawned upon us. Henceforth Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Cooper and Paulding are to be laid on the shelf; their productions have become already stale, and their pages, hitherto reputed so interesting and brilliant, begin to pall on the newly awakened literary taste. Their laurels have faded, and there is no longer any "speculation" in their dimmed and lustreless eyes! Nothing will now pass muster among "American" *litterateurs*, that is not strongly seasoned with Laurence Sterne's Cheshire cheese—*no popery*. This single ingredient has assumed a paramount importance; its absence renders the literary repast dull and insipid, while its presence in sufficient quantity whets the appetite and enlivens the social intercourse of the literary guests. So that a writer be orthodox in this more than Carthaginian hatred of Rome, he receives at once a sound Protestant "plenary indulgence" to violate at will good taste, all truth, and all decency, and to commit all possible and almost impossible faults of style, arrangement, and illustration. Whatever his faults, he may rest assured that they will be passed over, or leniently dealt with, and that in spite of them all, his writings will be widely circulated and greedily devoured by thousands of sympathizing "American" patriots, hungry for money and place! He may violate all the probabilities; his narrative or tale of fiction may not only be wanting in *vraisemblance*, but it may verge on the confines of the ridiculous, impossible, absurd; it matters not—he can utter nothing too startling for the belief of his politico-religious sympathizers.

Gullibility, inherited, it would seem, by Brother Jonathan from his good natured and respected sire, is the order of the day; and why should not the *knowing* book-seller or book-maker reap a golden harvest out of the *Know Nothing* mania of the age? Is not this the age of progress, the enlightened and glorious nineteenth century? The "almighty dollar" governs all things—more now than ever—and why should not our shrewd and calculating political *litterati* make hay while the sun shines? They have an instinctive feeling that their time is short, and hence their eager haste to work rapidly these exuberant "no-popery" mines of untold wealth. More money has been *coined* by the Protestant ministers and their friends from the abuse of the Pope, than from all the banks that were ever chartered. And there is this difference in favor of the Pope's bank, that it has never yet been known to suspend or fail! For eighteen centuries it has bravely stood the brunt of all opposition, and the *run* of all adverse combinations. Why then, should the enterprising men of this enlightened age be prevented from carrying on a crusade, which besides being holy, has at all times proved so vastly profitable? Are not men now "wide awake" to the secret of money getting;

and why seek to debar them from entering upon this unfailling avenue to wealth? Is not this a progressive age? It is, verily!

A crisis has arrived. The Pope, not satisfied with imperial Rome and beautiful Italy, has cast a wistful glance at the teeming valley of the Mississippi, which his followers are preparing for his inheritance, though politically so weak, that he cannot maintain himself in his temporal sovereignty over his own insignificant states without foreign bayonets, his vaulting ambition seeks to make new conquests in the heart of a vast new continent! The Pope is verily coming, and let the friends of liberty beware!

"That power, ever ready for self-aggrandizement, looked with a wistful eye to the dominion of this broad land. The Mississippi valley would have made more than a second Italy. It would have been a magnificent seat for the Sovereign Pontiff, and then it would have been not only far more beautiful and extensive than the states now subject to the triple crown, but it would have yielded such handsome revenues. The Pope of Rome could have made it quite convenient to shift the seat of his dominions from the seven hills to that broad valley, seeing that he would not have broken the hearts of his people by leaving them."

A terrible and unmitigated monster of ambition and tyranny must be this same poor Roman Pontiff! He claims universal dominion in temporals as well as in spirituals; and his followers not only allow, but support the claim!! Is any one hardy enough to deny a fact so palpable? If so, the proof, clear as day, is at hand! "The distinguished Bellarmine, the prince of their theologians, and the most eminent controversialist of his age," is brought forth in triumph, as the unimpeachable witness to the fact, that such is the Catholic doctrine!† What matters it, if Bellarmine says and *proves* the precise contrary of what they allege as his opinion, and in the very treatise, and in the very volume and book, to which the "no-popery" crusaders so boastingly refer? What matters it, that he, in that very book, devotes four full chapters to an elaborate refutation of the ultra and absurd opinion of a few obscure and obsolete theologians, to whose ridiculous notion he had referred only historically, and with a special view to its refutation? Few would have the opportunity or the inclination to refer to the original; most readers would swallow with relish the glaring imposture, and money would flow into the pockets of the *enterprising* falsifier of Bellarmine! Fewer still would probably be able or willing to detect the glaring forgery perpetrated on St. Thomas Aquinas,‡ whose views are diametrically opposite to what they are represented!§

As this falsification of Bellarmine is a pretty fair specimen of the unscrupulous manner in which our adversaries deal with Catholic authorities, we will, in serious sadness, devote a brief space to an exposition of the reckless trick attempted on "American" citizens in this enlightened nineteenth century, by men, too, wearing as a mask the holy garb of religion.

We have lying before us a handsome copy of Bellarmine's works, in six large folio volumes.¶ Though the distinguished writer is known to have advocated, as his own *private opinion*, certain papal prerogatives which are not only no doctrine of the Catholic Church, but which are repudiated by the great body of our theologians, yet, on the matter in question, he is clear and explicit:—a conclusive evidence that the principle, charged as a *doctrine* of the Church, has been banished

* Sons of the Sires, pp. 57-8.

† Ibid. pp. 200-1.

‡ Ibid. p. 201.

§ See Bellarmine, *infra cit.*

¶ Edition of Venice, 1721.

even from the province of enlightened and sound Catholic *opinion*. Bellarmine lays down and fully establishes against all gain-sayers the three following propositions, which we will first give in the original, and then translate for the benefit of a portion of our readers:—

"Quod ad primum attinet, tria ordine probabimus:

"Primo, Papam non esse dominum totius orbis;

"Secundo, Non esse dominum totius orbis Christiani;

"Tertio, Non esse dominum ullius provincie, aut oppidi, nullamque habere jure divino jurisdictionem mere temporalem."

"As regards the first point, we will prove three things in order:

"First, That the Pope is not the sovereign (lord) of the whole world;

"Second, That he is not the sovereign of the whole Christian world;

"Third, THAT HE IS NOT THE SOVEREIGN OF ANY PROVINCE, OR TOWN, AND THAT HE HAS, OF DIVINE RIGHT, NO MERELY TEMPORAL JURISDICTION WHATEVER."*

One would think that this is quite explicit enough to settle the question of Bellarmine's theory, in regard to the extent of papal jurisdiction. But how explain the gross dishonesty of those who so basely pervert his authority for their own vile purposes? Are they afraid of the truth, that they resort so readily to falsification? Have they adopted, as their line of conduct, the motto of the wicked, as set forth in the following passage of an inspired prophet?—"We have entered into a league with death, and we have made a covenant with hell. When the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come near us; FOR WE HAVE PLACED OUR HOPE IN LIES, AND BY FALSEHOOD WE ARE PROTECTED!"† It would almost seem so. Else why resort so habitually to misstatement when there is a question of assailing the Catholic Church? Why constantly substitute calumny, garbling, and forgery for truthful statement and fair quotation?

That this is the ordinary system of tactics adopted by those who are now busy in inaugurating the new era of pure "American" literature, we will proceed still farther to show by facts and specifications. But our readers will, we trust, bear with us, if we occasionally drop the serious vein, and indulge in the humorous and satirical. If we cannot always carry out the principle of the Latin Poet—*Tacit indignatio versum*,‡—we may avail ourselves of the privilege implied in the poet's question—*Quid vetat ridendo dicere verum?*§ The new *literateurs* often so far transgress the boundaries of probability, of possibility, and even of common *prudence*, in the notable art of—fabrication, as to stimulate the mirth of all sensible men, who are not wholly blinded by the "American" literary mania.

The Reverend ministers, who are the prime movers in the "American" crusade, have no intention of uniting Church and State,—not they. The Blue Laws of New England are not to be re-enacted; the elective franchise is not to be confined to sound church members of orthodox communions; Protestant heretics are not again to be expelled or executed; and even the poor crazed witches are to be henceforth left in perfect freedom to career the world, mounted on their favorite broomsticks! No union of Church and State is even contemplated,—O no! "The influence" of the new organization is to be "as gentle as the kissing zephyr," but "powerful as the gale that agitates the ocean to its profoundest

* Ibid. vol. i, chap. 2, p. 433. He fully establishes all these propositions. Ibid. in chapters 2, 3, 4, and 5.

† Isaiah xxviii, 15.

‡ Indignation makes the verse—or inspires the poet.

§ Why not laughingly tell the truth?

depths;" and "having laid it down as a fundamental principle to interfere with none in their civil and religious rights, and to act without ostentation or restraint, they (the Know Nothings) cannot be otherwise than successful."* Again:—"Do they not resist all show of intolerance? Does not he (Mr. Wise of Va.) know that a fundamental principle of the party is—NO UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE? Does he not know that they contend for the largest liberty to all, consistent with the safety of the republic?—that they welcome the oppressed from all climes?—that they are pledged always to keep it a free asylum for all classes and creeds? If he did not know their principles, why write about them?†

Who so incredulous or wicked as to doubt any one of these "zephyr-like" professions of charity and love of liberty? Have they not been all triumphantly and *luminously* proved to the world, time and again, by the *light* of some five or six Catholic churches, burned to the ground, as a fitting sequel to the last anniversary celebration of our national independence? Has not the charity of these men for foreigners "of all classes and creeds" been signalized by the bloody civil feuds which have so often *immortalized* our principal cities, and in which poor strangers, who had fled hither for "an asylum" from oppression, have been hunted down like wolves by the mild, inoffensive, liberty loving, and "zephyr" breathing *lambs* of this new "American" fold? Did not the Reverend ministers exhibit their dove-like meekness and love of "the largest liberty," by uniting in the splendid funeral procession of the immaculate *Bill Poole*, who died nobly fighting under the American flag in a drinking saloon, with a genuine "American" curse on his lips against the blood-thirsty foreigners?‡ Was not this same meek spirit exhibited in the popular demonstrations gotten up for the purpose of *welcoming* the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Bedini, who came to our shores on a peaceful mission from a peaceful sovereign?

No union of church and state is contemplated; certainly not. No such idea ever entered the brain of the three thousand preachers, who sent the mammoth remonstrance to Congress against a measure strictly political! No such notion is entertained by the sixty ministers, who, at the call of their country, nobly descended from their pulpits, and *condescended* to serve in the late "praise-God-bare-bones" Parliament of Massachusetts! No such thought has entered the heads of those Reverend men of God who have been elected, "without any merits of their own,"—as they no doubt meekly avowed,—to the Congress of the United States; still less could any such notion be indulged in even as a temptation, by that numerous class of clerical aspirants who are now panting for State legislative or Congressional honors all over the republic! No, it is a base slander to suppose, for a moment, that any intention of uniting church and state, exists even among the dreams of the new organization, whose rule it is to act "without ostentation or restraint." As for "ostentation," they are certainly very *retiring and silent* in their habits; as to the "restraint," they own no other than that which consists in blind obedience to the dictates of their leaders!

They disavow all thoughts of persecution, being in favor of "the largest liberty," civil and religious! "They will not persecute Catholics, but they will take care that the Catholics do not persecute them."§ How prudent their fore-

* Sons of the Sires, p. 159.

† Ibid. p. 195.

‡ It has turned out that none of the ruffians, who were concerned in the death of their fit associate, *Poole*, were foreigners!

§ Sons of the Sires, p. 121.

cast! How *discreet* their valor! "They will take care that Catholics do not persecute them:"—certainly. There is great and imminent danger of this frightful contingency! The Catholics in our republic already number about, or nearly, ONE TWELFTH PART of our population! There is actually one bloody Catholic for every twelve meek and inoffensive—"zephyr breathing"—Protestants! Have not the latter the strongest motives for fearing a terrible persecution from the former? May not a second St. Bartholomew's day dawn suddenly upon us? It reminds us of a large boy—some six feet high—binding securely the limbs of a small urchin of three feet six, lest the latter should inflict on him a terrible castigation!! It is about as *prudent*, and almost as *valiant*!

But the danger, if not present, is at least prospective. This is clearly proved by the claim of temporal sovereignty set up for the Pope and established by Bellarmine,—who, as we have seen, *proves* precisely the contrary,—“and by the defiant tone of Jesuitical bishops and archbishops of the Roman Church in this country. Their assumed superiority over all others, their haughty bearing, their arrogance and intolerance, became manifest, &c.”*

When, how, and where? WE would really like to know. The official acts of our prelates are before the world; their pastoral charges, diocesan and conciliary, have been spread out over the land on the wings of the press; nothing has been concealed. Let the passage be indicated, which breathes “arrogance, intolerance, or haughty bearing,” and then the accusation will be made good. If such language cannot be quoted; if a contrary spirit altogether breathes throughout all those official documents, then may we safely say, that here, as elsewhere, our *literary* crusaders are reasoning by contraries, are building up their argument upon a foundation, existing only in their own brain, and are thus carrying out the motto quoted from Isaiah.

But preachers are not admitted to hold civil office in Virginia; and though the wisdom of this enactment is not questioned, Mr. Wise is severely rated with being most *unwise* and inconsistent, in sustaining the soundness of the principle involved in the law of his State. By advocating it, “he sets up *distinctions*, by imposing a disability upon men not for crime, but because they are ministers of religion;” thereby “throwing a dark and damning suspicion over their character as men of integrity,” and “placing clergymen in the only other class excluded from official stations, viz.: duellists, or persons who have been convicted of great crimes and been the inmates of the State prison.”† *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* The mysterious secret is here reluctantly disclosed! So, these Reverend men of God are not in favor of a union of Church and State; not they! They merely wish to be free from “the dark and damning suspicion against their character as men of integrity,” that they may not, in their exclusion from civil office, be ranked with duellists and public felons! This foul suspicion must rest upon them, if they are excluded from the arena of wrangling political strife, and kept in their more elevated position of spirituality!! Verily, their *logic* is as acute, as their *literature* is refined!

But the Bible, the precious Bible, is in danger! The wicked “Romanists,”—from whose blood-stained hands this holy book of revelation was originally received, and to whom the very men who are now making so fierce an out-cry are indebted for their possession of it at all;—“are waging a Popish war against the Bible;” and “it was the apprehended danger that the Bible might, in this free land, be a

* Ibid. pp. 165 and 172.

† Ibid. pp. 208-9.

second time sealed, aye and chained too, that caused the American people to arise to defend their rights, and wither the hand that would dare do this iniquity. The sentiment of not only the people, but also of the children of this nation, has been sung through the wide realm of this Union—"We won't give up the Bible, God's holy book of truth."^{*}

Oh no! "Don't give up the Bible;" that's the noble and soul-stirring battle-cry, which led your patriot fathers to victory in the memorable riots of Philadelphia; when the holy book was paraded through the streets in solemn procession, headed by Reverend ministers of God; and when, amidst profane maledictions and civil feuds, which made the streets run with the blood of murdered citizens, and in that *beautiful* light of burning Catholic Churches, houses, and libraries, which turned night into day and revealed the graves of the dead torn open and the corpses stripped of their valuable ornaments, this same hallowed battle-cry of "SPARE, OH SPARE, THE BIBLE!"—was raised from pious throats, as a divine warrant for all these deeds of sacrilege and blood!! O yes! stick to the cry about the Bible! It has nobly served your purpose more than once already, and why discard it now! What matters it, if all that outcry about the Catholics wishing to banish the Bible from the common schools, was *proved*, at the time, to be a base calumny, by the official report of the Protestant common school commissioners? What matters it, if the real issue is ignored or misrepresented; if the question in fact concerned the *version* to be read, and not *the Bible itself*? What matters it to tell the *truth*, when a *falsehood* will do as well, or much better? Is not the end holy, and "does not the end justify the means?" Has not the simple *truth* always proved powerless against the Catholic Church? Why then resort again to so paltry and ineffectual a means of attack? No, stick to the cry about the Bible; it has too often won you bloody, if not *golden* laurels, to be tamely abandoned in this age of enlightenment and progress!

You "need not stop to prove that the Catholic Church is the enemy of freedom in all its aspects. Her history, her doctrines, her spirit, her writers and her priests, have filled the world with monuments proclaiming the truth of this assertion."[†] Oh no! we beg you "not to stop" at such trifles, you who generally stop at nothing! Catholics "have filled the world with monuments," proclaiming, trumpet-tongued, their bitter and undying hatred of freedom! Only think of it! It was these same base traitors to all freedom, who filled the world with such monuments of tyranny, as *Magna Charta*, trial by jury, no taxation without representation, *habeas corpus*, stationary courts, and wise municipal laws and polity! It was they, who rescued Europe from barbarism, and re-established social order and well administered law! It was they, who built up the Free Cities, and "filled the world" with such horrid "monuments" as the Republics of the Swiss Cantons, of Andorra, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Sienna, the northern Italian Cities, and San Marino! It was they, who first reared on this virgin continent the broad banner of universal freedom, civil and religious! Do not "stop," we pray you; the draught caused by the shouts of millions of freemen in the "dark ages" might give you cold, and impair your health, so valuable to "American" literature and freedom!

But the shade of Balnes torments you, "glaring at you with fiery eye-balls!" Don't be alarmed; you can easily quiet his ghost, as you did that of Bellarmine! All you have to do, is—precisely what you have *wisely* done—to make him say

* Ibid. p. 217.

† Ibid. p. 168.

just the opposite of what he does say! Very simple, is it not; but was it not more *simple* to refer us to the very page, thereby facilitating the detection? * You "did not stop" to tell us that, *on that very page*, † Balmes uses this language: "We certainly have now (in Spain) no need of importing toleration from abroad; it already exists among us so fully, that no one is afraid of being disturbed on account of his religious opinions."

To cap the climax of "Popish horrors and abomination," the Jesuit's oath is alleged in full; ‡ and capital is made out of the hair-breadth escape of Miss Bunkley from St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg! § What does it matter, that "the Jesuit's oath" has been, already a hundred times, denounced as a *forgery*, and *proved* to be such? What difference does it make, that it bears on its very face unmistakable marks of being a fabrication, and of being one, too, most clumsily made? What are these trifles to the *saints*, who will greedily swallow this, as they have already swallowed a thousand other absurdities, if possible, even more glaring and monstrous! Did they not devour with relish the veritable papal Bull of excommunication duly copied from Sterne's obscene romance—*Tristram Shandy*! Do we not live in an age of *enlightenment*, and who's afraid?

Then that admirable story of Miss Bunkley's miraculous escape from the dungeons of St. Joseph's. It is really capital! She might easily, at any hour of any day, have gone out quietly by the door; but this would have been decidedly tame and unromantic; she had a brilliant fancy and a romantic taste, and accordingly she wisely preferred getting out through the window in the night! No doubt, we shall soon have a most valuable accession to our "American" Literature in the shape of a rehash of "Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures;" and it will be about as valuable and as *truthful* as its illustrious proto-type! We hope only, for the honor of the country that it may be more decent.

But Rome does not change, while all else is changing around her! This is a serious charge, the changes upon which are rung with singular ability and eloquence! ¶ Mercy on us! We are to have the *Spanish* Inquisition, the *French* St. Bartholomew's, and a thousand other horrors renewed among us in this noble land of freedom; all because *Rome* is so perverse as to be unchangeable in her *doctrines*!! We suppose that we are to have, too, an invasion of the Moors, and a *coup d'état à la Napoleon*, besides, perhaps, an irruption from the grim-looking man in the moon, which would render us decidedly lunatics. The latter invasions are about as likely to occur as the former!

However, if Rome does not change, popular sentiment and opinion in our republic, it is freely avowed, are any thing but unchangeable. In this noble country of our birth and of our affection, "The members of the human family are constitutionally not more frail than their opinions are fluctuating. To-day, some of the unstable are devoted to a system which to-morrow they utterly repudiate." ¶

Never, perhaps, was a truer thing said or written, whether by friend or foe. The class of "the unstable" is very numerous, and those composing it seem to be stricken with *mania* every lustrum;—near the eve of the presidential election. They generally, however, come to their senses again shortly after the election; and "the sober second thought" restores thus the equilibrium of the temporarily

* Ibid. p. 168.

† P. 76, of Balmes—On Civilization, &c.; published in one large 8vo. volume by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore.

‡ P. 192, note.

§ P. 199.

¶ Ibid. p. 129 seqq.

¶ Ibid. p. 160.

unbalanced popular mind. This periodical mania is not so very surprising after all, when we consider the means adopted to bring it about: when false statements, malicious reports, strong appeals to passion, and forgeries innumerable, are sown broad-cast over the land; by men, too, in whom the people have reason to confide as leaders. At present, when many of the leaders in the crusade are dignified with the title of *Reverend*,—from whose lips and pens nought but truth, and charity, and peace should be allowed to drop,—we are not greatly surprised that “the people” should be priest-ridden and kept in ignorance! But the reaction must and will come; and those who have contributed to delude honest thinking men will have a heavy account to settle with an indignant and betrayed community;—to say nothing of the far more awful reckoning at the bar of an offended and outraged God! Let them look to it in time! Time is short, eternity never ending!

We have confined ourselves to the work which is first on our list; partly because it has some *pretensions* to facts and reasoning, and partly because it was issued by one of our most extensive and enterprising book publishers;* whom we are, however, sorry to see giving currency to such matter. The other works above enumerated, are professedly *romances*, and in this respect, if in no other, they are far more honest than the one which we have reviewed;—they make no profession of telling the truth, and thus they do not sail under false colors. As romances, they are very far below mediocrity; and they are really worthy of no serious notice. We may, however, at some future time, waive this consideration, and amuse ourselves and our readers by hitting off their monstrous incongruities and absurdities. They are, in every respect, worthy the *literary* epoch which they contribute to inaugurate. They are suitable contributions to our “American” *Literature*,—we had almost written *Litter*-ature, and the pun, though bad, would probably have been at least as good as the subject.

B. L.

VESPERS AT THE TRINITA DE MONTI.

ARISE! the sun clouds warn us it is time—

The door swings open; let us enter here—

Up the steep steps with noiseless foot we climb,

As if they led to some celestial sphere.

Listen! the nuns are gliding in unseen—

And now begins the low, heart-melting strain,

Your tears are falling—let them fall—nor screen

From me your eyes—I know that sad, sweet pain.

Again! again! that penitential wail!

Your clasped hands tremble—now the voices die—

Let us go hence—your quivering lips turn pale;—

Hushed is the hymn so like an angel's sigh.

The day is fled—these walls are not our home—

Forth in the breeze of evening let us stand;

Come, lean on me as we descend to Rome,

From what has seemed the angels' spirit land.

J. F. T.

* Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia.

MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.**

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

As the speaker went on to develop his views on this great scheme for promoting the moral and social welfare of the human family, the light keeper held the card out before him, and read in bronzed copperplate the following address: Ephraim C. B. Weeks, Ducksville, Connecticut.

"Humph! By my word of honor," muttered Mr. Lee at last, "that's a very magnificent affair." Then running his eye over the person of his visiter, he seemed somewhat puzzled what to say. The card case protruding from his pocket, the rings on both hands, and the massive watch chain round his neck, were all apparently of the costliest description, and might well have adorned the person of the highest noble in the land; on the other hand, however, it struck him there was quite a contrast between the gentleman's language and personal appearance. How that happened he was at a loss to think, and therefore it was he made no reply, but kept glancing from the card to the stranger and from the stranger to the card.

"I rather think, Mr. Lee, you hav'n't met many of our people in your time, eh?"

The light keeper replied in the negative.

"Well, sir, you now see before you a real American—a free born American, sir,—a citizen of the great 'Model Republic,'" and the speaker again thrust his hands into his breeches pockets as deep as they could well go, shook up the silver at the bottom, and with a self complacent smile on his thin lips watched the light keeper's countenance for the effect of the startling announcement.

But Mr. Lee did no more than merely compliment him on his birth place, assuring him at the same time, he should always feel honored, as he did then, in making the acquaintance of a citizen of the republic of Washington, the model republic of the world. "But with respect to the stuffing," he continued, endeavoring to restrain a smile, "I fear there is none to be found here who understands it."

"Well, send it up to Crohan, I shall see to it myself; guess we Yankees know a little more of those things than you do here in 'the green Isle.'"

"No doubt of it, Mr. Weeks, no doubt of it—I'll send it immediately, and consider it a very special favor indeed."

* Copy right secured according to Law.

"Now then, talking of Americans," said Weeks, arresting the light keeper by the arm as the latter began to move towards the lodge, "why don't you bring some of our men over here to enlighten you? You have natural talent enough, I guess, if you'd only proper means to develop it. Could you only get up an association with funds enough to pay Yankee lecturers, you would soon wake up to a sense of your capabilities. Employ our lecturers, sir, and send them over the country, from town to town and village to village, and I'll bet a fourpence they'll open your eyes wider than ever they opened before."

"Don't doubt it in the least," modestly replied the light keeper, "but won't you come in, and have some refreshment after your evening's exercise—come in, sir, and honor my little cabin with your presence at least."

"Hold on," said the American, again detaining the light keeper on the steps of the threshold. "Look here a minute, if you're not in a killing hurry. I should like to say a word or two about shooting that Holland Hawk—it may serve to show you what kind of people we are in the States. Well,—to begin with, we calculate never to miss a shot at either man, bird or beast. You may smile, sir, but it's the fact, nevertheless. My mother had a cousin once, called Nathan Bigelow—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Weeks—let us step into my office, if you please; I've some orders to give—allow me—just for an instant."

"Well, look here," persisted the Yankee, "it's only a word or two. I was just agoing to say that my mother had a cousin, once, called Nathan Bigelow, and a shrewd man Nathan was. Well, he was said to be somewhere about the shrewdest in that section of the country. So the folks thought all round. If there happened to be town meetin, Nathan was sure to be chairman. If referees were appointed by the District Judge on a heavy case of damages or the like, Nathan was certain to be one of them; or if the parson and deacon had a quarrel, Nathan was always called in to settle it. Then he was consulted by half the farmers round, coming on seed time, and by the select-men about the taxes, and sometimes by the new minister about the doctrine best suited to his congregation—though the fact is, Nathan never cared much for any particular kind of religion himself—that's a fact. So, as I was going to remark, cousin Nathan had a favorite saying of his own—"

"Hilloa, there!" interrupted the light keeper, "pray excuse me, Mr. Weeks—hilloa, there! I say. Are you all dead in there? Roger! let some one see to the lantern; it's almost lighting time. Come in, Mr. Weeks, and take a seat at least."

"Wait a minute—well, as I was saying," he continued, still drawling out his words slowly, "as I was saying, cousin Bigelow had a favorite saying of his own, 'Take good care, boy, and don't waste your powder.' It always came ready to him, somehow, and he could apply it to every which thing in creation. Many a time, in the long winter nights, when cousin Nathan used to sit by the log fire in his great rocking chair, reading Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason,' and Martha Proudfoot, his wife, knitting her stocking right opposite, with the 'Pilgrim's Progress' open on the table before her, and your humble servant in the corner, studying his book keeping—many a time, I say, did cousin Nathan turn round to me, without the least provocation in the world, and begin to illustrate the old maxim, 'Take good aim, boy, and don't waste your powder.' He made a — well, he made it a kind of text to spin a sermon from, and a better sermon he could preach, ay, by a long chalk, than the best preacher in the district. He used to tell me, Nathan used, and if he did once he did a thousand times, that the old saying, simple as it sounded, had more genuine philosophy in it than Aristotle and Epictetus put to-

gether; and let me tell you, Mr. Lee, cousin Nathan had a terrible regard for these same authors—translations of course, for he was no great hand at the dead languages, coming, as he did, from the old Puritan stock—his great grandfather was a true blue May Flower. Well, Nathan was, to be plain about it—well, he was a caution I tell you in the philosophy line. He never professed much admiration for any but for great men, and these were what he called ticklers, because as he said himself they were the only men who ever tickled humanity in the right place, namely, Tom Paine, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington. George, he thought was the greatest man ever the world produced—and I guess, Mr. Lee,” said the speaker with a knowing look, “if he didn’t hit the mark, he hit somewhere within a mile of that neighborhood.”

“Very true,” assented the light keeper, “he certainly did. Washington was a great and a good man, all must admit that; and I trust your nation, in the first flush of its prosperity will not forget his wise counsels either.”

“Hope not; well—what I was coming at, Nathan’s old saying, ‘Take good aim, boy, and don’t waste your powder,’ so constantly repeated, made a lasting impression on my mind. The fact is, Mr. Lee, he had a way of saying a thing that—well kind of burnt it into you like. There was no forgetting it nohow; it was a sort of searing of the —”

“Oh, botheration to him!” exclaimed the light keeper, no longer able to endure the tiresome description, chained as he was to the speaker, “what matters it what he was, he’s dead long ago, I suppose, and gone to his account. But you’ll excuse me, Mr. Weeks,” he added a moment after, “you’ll excuse me, I’m entirely ignorant you know, of your national characteristics. When we’re longer acquainted I shall understand you better. And now my dear friend let us step into my room—but hold! who comes here?—by George it’s Tom Petersham in the ‘Water Hen’ to pay us a visit.”

CHAPTER V.

THE little craft which so suddenly arrested the light keeper’s eye, as he turned to enter the lodge, was already within five minutes sail of the long flight of steps leading up from the base of the rock to the light house yard. She was a yacht of small tonnage but elegantly moulded. Her white hull almost as low as the water and her light raking spars gave her a jaunty look, that seemed to please the Yankee exceedingly.

“Why by cracky that’s an American boat, rig and hull” he exclaimed, “ha! I swonnie!—had her built at one of our ship-yards, I guess.”

“She was built in Cork harbor,” replied the light keeper. “Timber or plank, mast or spar, there’s not an American chip in her.”

“Not, eh?”

“No, sir, she’s Irish every inch of her, from the truck to the keel. Tom Petersham wouldn’t own her if she was anything else.”

“He wouldn’t, eh?”

The light keeper now seeing a boat approaching from the yacht, advanced to the head of the stairs and raised his hat to a gentleman who sat in the stern. The latter, as soon as the boat touched, stepped ashore and looked up.

"Hilloa there, Master Lee," he shouted as he ascended the steps,—“I couldn't pass without calling to pay my respects to my pretty Mary—to say nothing, (oh Lord! this is worse than Loughdearg for Father John!—bad luck to them for steps, they don't leave a breath in me) not to speak of the numerous injunctions respecting a promised visit from the saucy little baggage. Heigho! I say, Lee,—listen to me—this is steeper than the face of Gibraltar—and let me tell you, hugh! you must provide falls and tackle in future, if you'd have me visit you—forty-three steps! monstrous!! But who the deuce!—eh, whose *is* that?” he demanded, halting to take breath as he reached the top. “Who, in the name of all the Malvolias is he with all those gew-gaws under his sporting jacket?”

“Hush,” said the light keeper, “he's a foreigner.”

“Nonsense!—he's a cockney tailor come down to rusticate—eh, what?”

“No, sir, he's an American—and a real Yankee into the bargain.”

“A Yankee!—the deuce he is.”

“A native of Ducksville, State of Connecticut.”

“Ho, ho! now I understand you, he's the Crohan man's cousin, or nephew or something of that kind to the Hardwrinkles. Very good, he's just the man I want; present me forthwith,—Kate wishes to see him, of all things, and swears she'll invite him to the castle herself, if I don't. Introduce me instantly, I'll see what he's like, and then ask him to visit us.”

“Oh the young scamp,” exclaimed the light keeper, laughing, “she's got some mischief in her mad pate, I warrant you. If the good gentleman only took a friend's advice, he would stay at home and keep clear of her company. But, come, I'll introduce you—at all hazards.”

“Captain Petersham,” said he taking off his hat, and motioning with the grace of a well bred gentleman, “let me present to you Mr. Weeks of Ducksville, Connecticut, United States. Mr. Weeks, Captain Petersham of Castle Gregory.”

The American bowed low, but without saying a word or changing his position in the least. Not so Mr. Petersham, who despised in his heart all kind of formality, save and except the formalities of the duel ground, and these he understood well and could practice to perfection.

“What the plague, man!” he exclaimed, “don't be so stiff with me. Nonsense! you're an American citizen, and that's enough, sir; give me your hand. Duckville or Drakesville,—I don't care a barley-corn what ville you are, so you're a free American. Come, sir, let us be friends at once, and make no more pother about it.”

“Excuse me, Captain Petersham, you make a mistake—my name aint Ducksville or Drakesville—my name is Weeks—Ephraim C. B. Weeks.”

“Oh! hang the difference, man,—it's all the same—what matters it?” said the captain, “Come, let's join Lee in his office,—he's gone to order some refreshments, and I'm as dry myself as a whistle,” and running his arm into the astonished American's, he dragged him along, speaking all the while with his usual rapidity. “Pshaugh! it's all balderdash—what's in a name?—why, man, it don't signify a straw what you're called.”

“Well, no, not much, I reckon; but if it's just the same to you, I'd rather be called Weeks. Ephraim Weeks. Here's my card, sir, if you please —”

“Card! psauh—all humbug,” interrupted the captain—“keep your cards, my dear sir, for those who are foolish enough to use the toities. But if you choose to be called Weeks, I'll call you Weeks, certainly, sir, and an excellent name it is for an American.”

"Well, it's sort of handy for a business man," replied Weeks, looking sideways at his impetuous companion, as he hurried him on to the house.

"To-be-sure—to-be-sure—there's your Secretary of Legation, Mr.—Mr.—what the plague! I can never remember names—Mr. Mr.—oh! confound it—Linkim-doodie—or something of that sort,—well, sir, he's a fine fellow, that Linkim-doodle, a right honest thorough-going republican as I ever met in my life. He had an odd name, to-be-sure, but what of that?—No one minded it—any thing, you know, will do in a country like yours, where you've no houses yet, or pedigrees or things of that description to trouble you. And so you're staying at Crohan with the Hardwrinkles. Well, I can only say I'm sorry for it—they'll ruin you, that's all—ruin you, sir, body and soul. Why, listen to me —"

"The Hardwrinkles are my cousins, Captain Petersham," interrupted Weeks.

"Just so, I know, I understand all that—but you'll not be worth a rap farthing, sir, if you stay with them many months longer, notwithstanding."

"You don't say so!"

"I do, sir. They'll first reduce you down with psalm singing, till you're as flat as dish water and as weak as a wendle straw, and then finish you off with mock piety, private scandal, and weak tea. Take my advice, sir, and stay with them as little as possible. Come up to Castle Gregory, where there's some life to be had, and come as often as you can, too—we'll be always glad to see you. So then here we are in the light keeper's sanctum, and here comes Drake to welcome us. Hands off!—hands off, Drake—down, down, you old rogue, you're as wet as an otter—away and bring your mistress here, I want to see her. But what's the matter?—how now! growling at your guest?—ah! Drake, Drake, that's inhospitable—what has come over you, man? never saw you act so un Irish before. Excuse me, sir, but take a seat, take a seat, and don't be surprised to see me make so free in another man's house,—its our custom here. Heigho!" he added, flinging himself down in an easy chair and his gold banded sea-cap over his shoulder, "it takes me a full half hour to recover breath after climbing those villainous steps. Heigho! and so you're an American citizen."

"Well, yes; I have that honor, sir."

"Right, sir,—and it is an honor—no doubt of it, sir. But how warm it is—eh!" and he snatched off his stock and wiped his face with his handkerchief. It's those outrageous stairs—eh! besides, I'm not feather weight either, I suppose. Humph!" he added, glancing over at his companion, "you have the advantage of me there, sir—you're thin."

"Yes, rather inclined that way," modestly replied Weeks, playing with his watch-chain."

"So much the better, sir, so much the better, you're in a more comfortable summer condition."

"Well, as to the Weeks side of the house," observed the American, by the way of explanation, "they were never what you might call fleshy people; but the Bigelows were about the lurgest boned men in all Connecticut. There was my mother's cousin, for example, one Nathan Bigelow —"

"By the Lord Harry, he's at Nathan again!" came rumbling along the hall, in the deep tones of the burly light keeper, as he hurried in from the tower to welcome his guests.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Weeks was at that moment in the act of speaking, so it was quite impossible for him to distinguish the words; otherwise he had

understood better the comic smile on Captain Petersham's face, as that gentleman twirled his thumbs and gazed over at him from his easy chair.

"Let me see, you're somewhere about five feet six inches, aint you?" inquired Weeks.

"Yes, thereabouts."

"Well—now, as to the weight, I reckon you're two hundred or chock up to it."

"Very likely—I might be three, for aught I know," replied the captain, laughing.

"Well, cousin Nathan was taller by nearly two inches, and mother says before he lost his eye on muster day, he weighed close on two hundred and twenty-five. Still, cousin Nathan—"

"Hilloa, there! hilloa, Roger O'Shaughnessy," broke in the light keeper again, "are we never to see that brandy and water?—come along, man, only lift your feet and they'll fall themselves."

"Aye, aye," muttered the old man, shambling into the room in his old bottle green livery with the faded lace and the two solitary buttons, carrying a massive silver salver, on which appeared three tumblers and a decanter with something resembling brandy in the bottom of it. "Aye, aye," said he, "it's always the same—just for all the world as if he was at home in the ould castle. Heigh! heigh! Its nothing but Roger here, and Roger there—Roger bring the venison, Roger, where's the Champagne? Roger, where's the Burgundy? Roger, order this lord's carriage, and Roger order that lady's barouche. Heigh, heigh, heigh!" Here he was seized by a fit of coughing which had the good effect of terminating his catalogue of complaints. "Och, och!" said he at length when he recovered a little breath, "the Lord be with the time, Captain Petersham, (bowing with great formality to that gentleman,) when Roger had plenty of servants to help him. But sure there's no help for it now, and as I burned the candle I must burn the inch," and so saying, the old man turned to quit the room.

"Stop, Roger, hold on, what have you got here?" demanded the light keeper, holding up the decanter between him and the light.

"There, sir?"

"Yes, here, sir? look at it."

"Why it's brandy, av coorse—what else shud it be? but may-be it's wine yer honor wants—ugh! ugh!—what kind iv wine id you like, sir? I'll bring it immediately."

"Wine! you old schemer, you know there's not a drop of wine in the house."

"Me!"

"Aye, *you*; you know it well—nor hasn't been these twelve months."

"Och, och, the bad luck to us!" exclaimed Roger, raising his hands in grave astonishment, "it's wondherful—wondherful, entirely. His mimory's clane gone, sir, (turning to Captain Petersham). It's only the matter of four weeks, or so, since we got—let me see—ahem! ahem!—two pipes iv claret—one Madeira," and he began to count them on his fingers—"ahem! two iv claret—one Madeira—one —"

"Don't mind him, don't mind him," said the captain, rising from his easy chair and good naturedly laying his hand on Roger's shoulder, "he's enough to vex a saint. Well, well, Roger—let him do as he pleases; if he choose to refuse us a glass of wine in this beggarly way, why, we can remember it to him—that's all."

"Oh, my heart's broke wid him, yer honor."

"To be sure it is—you're a living martyr, Roger, ha, ha. I declare I don't see how you can stand it—it's insufferable—quite insufferable. Ha, ha."

"Och, och! I wish to patience he was back in his own ould castle, again, yer honor, for since the docthers ordhered him down here for the benefit of his health, there's no comfort to be had wid him, night or day—but shure if he didn't lose his mimory, it wouldn't be so bad, allthegither. And then I'm shamed out iv my life wid him. Why, if you'd only hear to him, Mr. Petersham—ahem! that's if you were a stranger, you know, sir; like that gentleman, you're most obedient, sir; and didn't know the differ, ye'd think there wasn't a screed iv dacency left about him, at all, at all," and as he thus went on to make his private complaints to the captain, and still however in a voice loud enough to be heard by the American; he kept ever and anon glancing at the great silver salver on the table, as if making a silent appeal to it for testimony against his master.

During this little conversation with Captain Petersham, the light keeper called him several times, but Roger was too much engaged to attend to him.

"Roger!—are you deaf?" cried his master at last, "Roger, I say."

"Sir, sir."

"Is this all the brandy you have in the house? Answer me, yes or no."

"Ahem! Answer you yes or no, why av coorse I'll answer you—that is, if I only knew what you mane."

"Well, look here," and Mr. Lee stepped over to the old man, and shook the decanter within an inch of his eyes, "you call this brandy?"

"Sartinly, sir, the best cagniac, it cost just seven —"

"Never mind the cost; you have here about three thimble-fuls or thereabouts—for three gentlemen."

"No, sir, there's a good half bottle, and more—ahem! ahem! it looks little, but it's on broad bottom, hem, its a broad bottom, sir."

"Well, now I want to know—if you've any more of the same left—that's plain enough, I think."

"Why dear me, such a question, och, och—and two casks untouched in —"

"Hold your lying tongue and answer me, sir, have you? yes or no."

"Yes, yes, puncheons of it."

"Go fetch it then, forthwith—go now instantly," and he pushed him gently towards the door.

"Sartinly, sir, sartinly," replied Roger, moving off as fast as his old shaky limbs would carry him, the long skirts of his old bottle green coat, oscillating as he went. "Most sartinly, sir, it's aisy enough to do that—why, if I only knew what in the world ye were comin at, all the time, i'd have it here now."

"He's the greatest old plague, that, in the whole universe," said the light keeper: "not a respectable visitor ever comes to see us, but he acts just in the same way. He would make you believe, Mr. Weeks,—(Captain Petersham here, knows all about him long ago,) he would make you believe his master as rich as Cræsus, and staying down here only by advice of his physician. You observed the old bottle green livery he wears, well he has worn that, to my own knowledge, five and twenty years, and in all probability, his father before him, for as many more. As for this antiquated piece of plate on the table, he brings it out on every possible occasion. The old coat, and the old salver, are in fact his great standbys, and with these, he imagines he can make a show of 'dacency,' were the house as bare and empty as the ruins of Baelbec."

"Ha, ha, poor Roger," laughed the captain, "he's a regular Caleb Balderstone."

"Precisely—the only difference perhaps—that Caleb was a conception, and Roger, a reality."

"Balderstone," said Weeks, "let me see, worn't he something to the Balders-tones of Skowhegan, down east."

"Ha ha," chuckled Captain Petersham, "can't say, as to that."

"Well, them Balderstones of Skowhegan were tremendous smart men, I tell you, and cousin Nathan says, they fought at Lexington, like tigers and catamounts."

"No no, Caleb was of quite another character," replied the light keeper. "He was born of a wizard, and shall live as long as the world lasts. Some, indeed, go so far as to say, that he and Campbell's last man, are destined to expire together."

"Well, he's not a mortal, I reckon."

"No, sir, he's immortal as the gods."

During this latter part of the conversation, Roger O'Shaughnessy had returned as far as the room door, and remained standing on the threshold, for a minute, or more, looking in. In the attitude he assumed, he presented a striking appearance. His once tall, and powerful frame, now bent and wasted with years,—the old laced coat hanging from his attenuated shoulders in empty folds,—the few white hairs that still remained brushed up on each side, and meeting in a crest, over his polished scalp; looked in truth like a fine old ruin, tottering to its fall, with all its friendly ivy dead in the dust, save a few weak, but faithful tendrils clinging to it still.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lee, for interrupting you," said Weeks, "but the old gentleman here at the door seems to want something."

"What! Roger, is it—well, Roger," demanded the light keeper, speaking over his shoulder, "what's the matter?"

"Ahem!" said Roger, "ahem! about the brandy, your honor."

"Well—about the brandy—where is it—why don't you bring it in?"

"The key—ahem! the key of the cellar, sir," said Roger, without venturing to look at his master.

"What of it?"

"Ahem! It's not to be found, sir, you or Miss Mary must have it."

"Me! I never touched the key in my life."

"Dear me, then," exclaimed Roger, "what's to be done, your honor?" The brandy's in the cellar, and there's no key to open it."

"I don't believe a word of it, Roger; but did you ask Miss Lee for the key?"

"She's not to be found, either, sir."

"Ha, ha!—I thought so. I knew all the time it would come to that at last."

"If you could put up for this time with some of the best old Innishowen, that ever was doubled," said Roger, "you can have a hogshead of it in a jiffy."

"Innishowen!" exclaimed the captain, "and put up with it, too! Nonsense! nonsense! Roger, bring it in here instantly. Why, you old villain, it's worth its weight in gold. Compare French brandy with Innishowen poteen, indeed! Why, the Irishman who would do that, should be sent to the stocks, and physicked with frogs and assafetida. Begone, and fetch it instanter. Away! my time's up."

Roger soon returned with a bottle of excellent whiskey, of which we must not omit to say, Mr. Weeks declined to partake—nay, he absolutely rejected it in the most positive manner, as a thing entirely against his principles and entirely contrary to his habits of life. But the light keeper and his good neighbor, the lord of Castle Gregory, made no pretensions to such principles or habits; they filled their tumblers and drank to each other, and to the success of the Stars and Stripes, as a compliment to Mr. Weeks, in full bumpers of Irish grog, without fear or shame, reproach or remorse.

Captain Petersham had scarcely finished his draught, and flung the tumbler on the table, loudly protesting against all State Temperance Laws and Teetotal Societies, as being the provocation of half the drunkenness in the world, when a sailor, cap in hand, presented himself at the door.

"How now, Bradley—what's the matter?"

"Mr. Ratlin says, there's a blow comin up from the westward, sir, and in half an hour we'll have ebb tide. He awaits orders."

"Well, get the boat ready. I'll be with you in a second."

He now approached the window and glanced for an instant at the west. "There it comes, Lee," he exclaimed, "tumbling up in lumps over Tory Island; you'll have it whistling about your ears here in half an hour. I must get aboard the 'Water Hen' and pack on sail, or she'll not fetch Bagnus-treken to-night. But look here, who's that under the rock, there, speaking to Mistress Mary? He's a devilish fine looking young fellow, that, eh!"

The light keeper hastened to the window. "Hah! by George," he exclaimed, muttering the words to himself, the instant his eye rested on the person alluded to, "Hah, ha, so then he is back again."

"Who is he, Lee—eh—surely I've seen that young man before—who is he?"

Mr. Lee smiled and shook his head.

"Oh, hoh, that's it, is it? Very well, all right," said the captain, "if there's any thing particular about him keep it to yourself."

And having requested Mr. Lee to make his apology to Mary for running away so abruptly, and invited Mr. Weeks to visit as soon as possible, he hurried off without further delay to his yacht. The moment his foot touched her deck, she was seen crowding on every stitch of canvas that would draw, and then gracefully bending under the gentle pressure of the evening breeze, the little 'Water Hen' glided up the Swilly and soon disappeared in the deepening shadows of Rathmul-len bluffs.

The light keeper had accompanied his friend to the head of the steps to bid him good bye and a fair voyage, and the American, taking advantage of his absence, instantly turned to the window and there kept watching Mary Lee and her companion so intently, and with so absorbing an interest, that old Roger had picked up his silver card case which had fallen from his pocket, and laid it on his knee, without his having noticed it in the least. The spot on which the young couple stood conversing, was a small patch of green sward directly above the narrow channel called the Devil's Gulsh, and canopied over by a long, flat, projecting rock. The place was some seventy feet above the roaring water, cut as it were in the face of the precipice, and nearly on a level with the window at which the American sat looking at them so intently. The distance between them was not more than thirty feet; yet near as it was, Weeks could have distinguished little more than their mere outlines had not the great lantern, now lit up, shed its flood of light full on their persons, revealing every motion and every feature distinctly to his gaze.

There was a shade of melancholy on the handsome face of the young man as he leaned on the boat hook with which he had climbed the rocks, and conversed with his fair companion. His black, waving hair fell in profusion over his blue jacket, from the breast pockets of which the silver mountings of a brace of small travelling pistols glinted in the clear lamp-light. His neck was entirely bare, as if the heat of the day or his previous exertions had obliged him to remove his cravat, and his whole bearing and deportment were that of a brave, self-reliant, fearless young fellow, of honest heart and ready hand. Mary Lee stood by his side,

dressed in her green kirtle and straw hat, the picture of angelic loveliness. Her face, always smiling before, was now pale and thoughtful, as if the melancholy which shadowed the countenance of her companion had touched her heart. Her petite figure, as she leaned lightly against the rock, her modest eyes, bent on the green grass at her feet, her long auburn ringlets falling in showers over her shoulders, and above all, her unaffected simplicity of manner, gave her a striking resemblance to those beautiful creatures which Raphael paints in his *Espousals* of the Virgin. Once or twice she raised her eyes to those of her companion, but she as often turned them away, as if the sadness of his looks gave her pain. His gestures and motions were those of entreaty—but she, on her part, appeared to make no reply—save to shake her head and look up sorrowfully in his face. At length the voice of the light keeper was heard round the house, calling her in from the approaching storm, and she could stay no longer. As the moment of parting came, she drew from her bosom a little scapular and pressing it devoutly to her lips gently threw it over the young man's neck. She then gave him her hand, and bidding him farewell, sprung round the edge of the rock with the nimbleness of a fawn and disappeared in an instant. Her companion followed her with his eyes as long as she remained in sight, and then carefully concealing the little treasure she gave him in the folds of his breast, slowly turned and left the place.

"Well," said Mr. Weeks to himself as he turned from the window and leaned his elbow on the table beside him, "she's a handsome gal, that—no mistake about it; and that feller looks to be a purty smart kinder chap, too, and not ill lookin, either. But who in creation is he? There's some mystery about him, that's sartin. I could see that by the light keeper, when the captain inquired his name. But never mind, hold on for a bit, I'll soon learn the secret from mother Curley. That was some charm, I'll bet a fourpence, that thing she put round his neck—some papistry, I reckon. But aint she all-fired brazen faced, to go up there right straight before the window?—By cracky, they do up that kinder business sorter strange down here in these diggins—they're ahead of New Jersey by a long chalk. But after all, perhaps it's her favorite retreat, and the feller found her there. She expected him—sartin. I saw that by her face when she came peeking in at the window, and I rather suspect she worn't aware of Captain Petersham's arrival either, or that Ephraim Weeks was in the office with her uncle. Well, she's handsome—that's a fact—and with those hundred and fifty thousand dollars I know of to back her up, she's wife enough for any man. Ha, she little thinks what belongs to her tother side the big pond—and she won't either—till she's got her nose up to the hitchin post. She'll be skittish, I guess, at first, but I'll take the old woman's advice and coax her to it gently. She can only refuse, do her best, and when she does, why it's then time enough to put the screws on. They're poor as Job's turkeys, that's clear, and it won't be very hard to corner them up in a tight place. A month or two in limbo would settle the old chap's light keepin, and then the girl, proud and all as she is, might be glad —"

Here he was suddenly interrupted in his reflections by the entrance of the two persons in whom he seemed to be so deeply interested.

"Here's an impudent, saucy little baggage, Mr. Weeks, who deserves to offer you an apology for her dog's very bad behaviour, to-day," said the light keeper, leading Mary in by the hand. "Miss Lee, sir, my sister's only daughter. Mary, this gentleman is Mr. Weeks, of Drakesville, Connecticut, United States."

"Drucksville, if you please, Mr. Lee, not Drakesville," said Weeks, after one of his profound inclinations to the young lady, "the difference aint much, but still —"

"O excuse me, excuse me, sir," said the light keeper, "so it is—I made a mistake—Ducksville, my dear, State of Connecticut."

"Allow me to offer you my card," said Weeks, smiling faintly and patronizingly on the young girl, as he drew it slowly out from the silver case.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, modestly courtesying and accepting the favor, without the least sign of surprise at the strangeness of the compliment.

"I regret very much, sir, the loss of your fishing lines this evening," she said, but if you permit me, I shall replace them."

"Pray, don't mention it," replied Weeks, interrupting her. "You're exceedingly kind, Miss Lee, but I assure you I have lots of such traps to spare, and should, if any thing, rather decline."

"Drake is a very bold fellow in the water, sir, and don't mind his mistress in the least, when there's any thing like game to be seen. But then, he's so good and faithful that we must forgive him a great many faults. Drake, Drake," she cried, "where are you?" and as the brown curly haired old fellow came in, wagging his tail, she ordered him to kneel down before the gentleman and ask his pardon. But Drake, instead of kneeling as, no doubt, he was taught to do on such occasions, began to growl at the stranger, and would probably have sprung at him to tear him, if Mr. Lee had not promptly interposed his authority, and commanded him to leave the room."

"How very strange," said Mary, speaking to her uncle, "I never saw him act so rudely before."

"Some kink the old fellow has got in his head. But I fear Mr. Weeks will find his first visit to us down here a very disagreeable one, so many things have conspired to make it so. First, the loss of his fishing tackle and his fine trout, to boot;—then the absence of the inmates here, and his having to sit so long alone before any one came to bid him welcome—and finally, the unkind and ungenerous behaviour of Drake; why, upon my word, Mr. Weeks, you must think Araheera light a very barbarous place to visit."

"Oh, don't mind—don't mind," replied Weeks. "I can get along, I guess, most any where. We'll make it all right yet. As for the loss of the flies and casting line, I feel quite pleased about it, since it has procured me the acquaintance of so lovely and accomplished a young lady as Miss Lee."

Mary blushed, hung down her head, and tried to say something; but her confusion at so blunt and unexpected a compliment silenced her completely. The light keeper, however, came to her assistance.

"If you talk to her in that style, Mr. Weeks," said he, "you'll play the deuce with her—see, she's all over blushes already."

"We-el, I generally calculate to speak to the point, Mr. Lee. It was always my habit to be frank with every one, and I can safely say, I should be most willing to lose all the fishing tackle I ever owned, for the pleasure afforded me by this introduction; she's a most beautiful and amiable girl—there's no mistake about it;—and I'm not ashamed to say so, though you are her uncle."

"Mary, the gentleman will set you crazy, if you stay here much longer—away with you," he added, patting her affectionately on the cheek, "away into some corner, then, and hide your blushes; Mr. Weeks will excuse your further presence;"—and dropping her hand he permitted her to shrink back and glide away like a fairy out of the room.

"Well, I guess I sha'n't wait much longer, either," said Weeks, picking up his cap and preparing to leave. "I see the storm's coming on, and I've got some-

what of a walk before me; but I was just a thinkin to come down here once in a while to have a day's fishin or so, and a talk about the United States at our leisure."

The light keeper smiled and assured him he should be happy to see him at any time, and cheerfully do all in his power to make his visit to the country, and particularly to Araheera Head, as agreeable as possible.

"And look'e here," said Weeks, buttoning his coat, "if there's any thing I can do to oblige you in the way of friendship, don't hesitate an instant, but tell me right out. It may happen you'd want a friend's advice, a—well, no matter, you understand me. I'm a single man, Mr. Lee, and have a leetle more at my banker's, I guess, than I've any particular occasion to use. Good afternoon, sir."

"Good bye, and thank you for your good will," said the light keeper, somewhat surprised at the stranger's liberality. "I shall most assuredly consult with you, Mr. Weeks, when occasion requires it."

"I say, hold on!" said Weeks again, turning back when half way down the avenue, "that bird, you'll not forget to send it, eh?—all right; guess I can get it up for you in pretty good shape." And waving his hand, he set out on his journey to Crohan, the residence of the Hardwrinkles.

Review of Current Literature.

1. QUESTIONS OF THE SOUL. By J. T. Hecker. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

As this book is reviewed at greater length in another place by a new contributor, we omit our own notice and only mention it here, to thank the Messrs. Appleton, for their part in bringing a Catholic work before the American public. We are glad to see, that a house, that stands at the head of the profession, is above the mean prejudice, which debases so many, that should be more courageous, as they certainly need not fear any loss by showing themselves so. The conduct of the Messrs. Appleton gives us some hopes that after all the true American will be just, and in his justice generous enough to grant the meed of praise, which a good book should always receive, even if it does come from a Catholic.

2. AUDIN'S HISTORY OF THE LIFE, WRITINGS AND DOCTRINES OF LUTHER. A new translation by William B. Turnbull. Vol. II. London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This work is upon our table, but we can do little more at present than acknowledge its receipt; in a future number, we shall take such a notice of it as its importance deserves. For the present, we refer our readers to the notice of the first volume, which appeared in the October number of the Metropolitan of last year.

3. HISTOIRE GENERALE DE L'EGLISE: par l'Abbé Darras, ancien professeur au Séminaire de Troyes. 4 vol. in gr. 8vo. Paris: Louis Vives. 1854.

It is with real pleasure that we examined this truly solid, complete and highly interesting work, the fruit of much labor and the production of a superior talent for historiography. Rev. Mr. Darras, following the simple but grand ideal of Cardinal Baronius, guided by the vast, critical labors of Noël Alexander, Orsi and others more modern, who amended the comparatively few inaccuracies of the Annales and of their continuations, and assisted by many other authors who wrote the ecclesiastical history of the different nations and people, has happily succeeded in compiling one of the most useful and pleasing works on church history, which may be put into the hands of

Catholics. The abbé has wonderfully avoided diffuseness and languor, too frequently met with in modern historical works, which are rather a philosophy on history, than a simple, genuine relation of facts. Without effort he carries his reader on, and gently causes him to live, to labor, to suffer, to die with all the great saints and celebrated personages, who in the course eighteen centuries glorified and extended the kingdom of God on earth.

Hence we commend this work to the patronage of the Rev. Clergy and educated laity, as a valuable complement and ornament of their libraries.

The division of the work into eight epochs, leads us naturally to the remark, that they might have been determined by the consideration of the different great tasks, which providence, at different times, destined the Church to accomplish; *ex. gr.*

1st Epoch, from J. C. to St. Sylvester, or the age of persecution.

2d Epoch, from St. Sylvester to St. Leo, M. or the Church as apostle of civilized heathens.

3d Epoch, from St. Leo, M. to St. Zacharias, or the Church, mistress of barbarous nations.

4th Epoch, from St. Zacharias to St. Gregory VII, or the Church, foundress of states and monarchies.

5th Epoch, from St. Gregory to Innocent III, or the Church, the intrepid enemy of tyranny and arbitrary power of kings and emperors.

6th Epoch, from Innocent III to Innocent VIII, or the Church, observatrix of the evangelical counsels, and conservatrix of learning.

7th Epoch, from Innocent VIII to Urban VIII, or the Church, keeper of the faith and apostle of all nations.

8th Epoch, from Urban VIII to — . If this epoch, as not a few imagine, be the last, the Church, realizing, to a remarkable degree, all the preceding characteristics, bids fair, to end without decay, as she began without infancy.

4. *GROWTH IN HOLINESS, OR THE PROGRESS OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE*, by *Frederick W. Faber, D. D.*, author of "All for Jesus." Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1855.

How many a time, as we feasted our souls on the sweet teachings of Richard of St. Victor, Cardinal Bona and Father Scaramelli, did we wish that some blessed soul, who knew how, would adorn our language with only a few even of the spiritual treasures they contained! We have in English many very valuable spiritual works, to be sure, but they are usually written in such a style or brought forward in such a way that they become impediments, instead of helps to virtue. Their tendency, a good one certainly, is to fill the mind with lofty ideas of the spiritual life, but they too frequently leave the plain practical ways of holiness altogether out of consideration. To say that we are satisfied, delighted with this little work of Father Faber's, would be to say too little. The very wants, under which we labored for a long time, and which we doubt not left a void in many a Catholic heart besides our own, are here amply repaid. If he had done no more than given us the three chapters on "the human spirit, spiritual idleness, and the office of spiritual director," he would be entitled to our eternal gratitude, and with all his zeal for souls we have no hesitation in saying, that he could not desire them greater good than he will bestow by these on thousands who will never hear his voice. No Catholic, in our humble opinion, should be without a copy of "Growth in Holiness:" which next to Thomas à Kempis and the Spiritual Combat, should always claim a portion of his study.

5. *THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE MOTHER OF GOD*. By the *Rt. Rev. Bishop Ullathorne*. With the approbation of the *Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore*. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. Pittsburg: George Quigley.

A press of duties has deprived us of the pleasure of reading this valuable treatise. In our next we hope to be able to give it that attention which its importance deserves; if indeed any notice of ours can add aught of value to a work from the pen of the eminent and learned Bishop of Birmingham, and which bears upon its title page the appro-

bation of our own Most Rev. and venerable Archbishop. The very beautiful and attractive style in which the work is presented to the public does much credit to the publishers.

6. *A VINDICATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH*, in a Series of Letters, to the Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Vermont. By Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have, through the kindness of the publishers, obtained a glimpse of the forthcoming work of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, in reply to two volumes of letters, addressed to him, by the Protestant Bishop of Vermont. As far as we have heard, Dr. Hopkins' work has caused no sensation, as the French term it, in this latitude. It is but a cold rehash of the old dish of Protestant theology. The author pompously styles it "The End of Controversy Controverted." Whoever has read "Milner's End of Controversy," may readily imagine what damage the distinguished Bishop of Vermont could do it. The only thing new in his book, are certain misrepresentations and perversions, in which, those who know the gentleman's antecedents, will recognize the author's artful and felicitous style of invention. Archbishop Kenrick, of course, has not lowered himself to the platform from which Dr. Hopkins has thought fit to assail the Catholic Church, but has contented himself with a dignified and learned vindication of Catholic doctrines, which at once lays bare the mis-statements of the Vermont divine, and exposes his plausible array of learning. We have no difficulty in anticipating the judgment readers will pass on the work of our learned and venerable Archbishop. It will greatly heighten his well established fame of defender of Catholic truth, and show to those who have the rashness to impugn it the folly of their efforts.

In a few days the energetic publishers will present the book to the reading community, and we feel assured it will speedily obtain the wide circulation it deserves.

7. *FLORINE, PRINCESS OF BURGUNDY: A tale of the First Crusaders.* By the author of *Bertha or the Pope and the Emperor.* Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1855.

The Catholic literati of England and Ireland have at last begun to imitate their neighbours across the channel in their application of fiction to a religious purpose, and although they have entered but lately into the lists, have already in many respects equaled, if not surpassed, their more imaginative brethern on the continent. If all their series of tales, novels, &c., by whatever name they be called, keep only the reputation the first volumes have obtained, the minister of God will no longer have to caution his flock so frequently against novel-reading and its dangerous tendencies, but will be obliged to recommend even as an antidote against other evil influences the perusal of such as this one, which we place at the head of our article. It is indeed "a tale of deep and abiding interest and of much instruction," but unlike the most of novels, it leaves no unhealthy action in the mind after its perusal. On the contrary, while it absorbs the faculties so that it is very difficult to lay it aside, when once taken up, it fills the soul with a horror for vice and a love for virtue, an esteem for what is generous and noble, and a desire to emulate the good and great in their meritorious actions, that it might almost be recommended as a book for spiritual reading. Certainly our youth in reading will not be rendered worse, but in many respects will derive great advantage from it.

8. *MEMOIR OF PIERRE TOUSSAINT; born a slave.* By Mrs. H. F. Lee. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1854.

We are happy to see that this little work running through so many editions. A negro and a Catholic, he was universally esteemed in quarters where both qualities are objectionable: the latter as much as the former even in literary circles, and would-be learned societies. Toussaint was an excellent Catholic, and the talented authoress has portrayed his religious character in a manner deserving of the highest praise. As a contribution to Catholic Literature, it deserves a place in every Catholic Library, and it will, we trust, soon be known to all who share the same faith.

9. *LA RELIGION DU NORD DE LA FRANCE AVANT LE CHRISTIANISME.* Par Louis de Baecker. Lille: Vanackere. 1854.

We confess ourselves disappointed in this work. Associating in our minds the land of France, with the Celtic races, we hoped to find in it a full dissertation on the Druidical worship and its remains. It is however a most valuable contribution to even English history, being translations of two old Runic Poems, in which are developed the whole of the Woden theology and manners, which the Saxons introduced into Britain.

10. *MANUEL DE L'ARCHEOLOGIE NATIONALE.* Par Corblet: Paris. 1854.

We commend this work to our American ethnologists: if the tumuli, flint arrowheads, stone hatchets or *casseilles*, which are described and represented in it, do not correspond exactly with those found in America our eyes are much deceived. In fact Mr. Schoolcraft could use electrotypes of this French work to illustrate his "History, Condition, &c. of the Indian Tribes."

11. *MIRANDA ELLIOT, OR THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.* By S. H. M. Philadelphia: Lipincott, Grambo & Co. 1855.

This novel is intended to illustrate the workings of a conscientious spirit in the heroine, whom the author takes from her infancy and brings to womanhood in his own peculiar way. It has the common run of incidents, on which novelists ring so many changes and may be, we suppose, presented as a fair specimen of that legion of spirits, with which our literature is haunted. The author however, has nothing to boast of: the narrative is tolerably good, but the philosophy or whatever he chooses to call it, is often arrant nonsense, and where there is sense, destroys the interest, which the narrative sometimes excites in the reader. As usual with Protestant writers he could not avoid showing the disposition of his mind and heart against Catholicity, a pretty exemplification of conscientiousness rendered the more conspicuous by his ungenerous inuendoes against a body of religious women, whom the whole world delights to honor for their generous sacrifice of self, to the cause of suffering humanity. But romancing, it seems, cannot at this time suit the palate of novel-readers without the piquant popery sauce of the fanatic or the know-nothing.

12. *KATE AYLESFORD: a story of the Refugees.* By Charles J. Peterson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The author of this story is no novice in novel-writing. His "Cruising in the last War" is a popular book, full of graphic delineations of stirring scenes. The present work is based upon the partizan warfare of the revolutionary war.

The heroine, Kate Aylesford, is "according to statute in such cases made and provided," beautiful, accomplished, graceful and loving, a sort of tender Di Vernon; she is brave, self-possessed, resolute and rich; possessing in short, an unusual share of attractions. The hero, Major Gerdon, is an officer in the American army, and is like most heroes, an average man, whose business it is to fall in love with the heroine, rescue her from perils and finally marry her. Then we have a villain, who has been early betrothed to the fair one, and finding it impossible to win her affections, attempts to run off with her, but is foiled and perishes.

Such is the simple plot upon which the author has managed to bring some very good description, and which he has contrived to fill up with stirring adventures, spiritedly told. The first scene, a wreck off the coast of New Jersey and rescue, is very well drawn, and the interest of the reader becomes very intense during the progress of the story. Then we have a graphic account of a fire in the woods, and a narrow escape from its terrors.

One of the subordinate characters, Uncle Lawrence, is a plain farmer, who has served under Washington, and who tells, with great effect, the story of the surprise of the Hessians, and their complete discomfiture at Trenton. We have other conflicts with the

refugees; and those desperate villains, who spring up at such periods of internal commotions, and who, under the name of cow-boys, and other euphonious titles, earned for themselves, during the revolutionary war, such a garland of infamy, are sketched with vigor and truth.

Indeed, the writer appears to have carefully studied the habits, manners and feelings of the times. Altogether, the book is a good one, decidedly above the common level of such works, and contains nothing contrary to good morals or refined feelings.

13. *NELLY BRACKEN: a tale of forty years ago.* By *Annie Chambers Bradford*. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855.

This is the first offering of Miss Bradford to the spirit of romance, and is not without its merit, as far superior in our judgment to the *Miranda Elliot* above noticed, as the authoress does not claim for herself so much knowledge of human nature and its destinies. It is simply a tale, but earnestly, in some places even eloquently, told. The heroine is, like many romantically inclined misses, rather touched in the head and led thereby into some things not at all improbable, such as a marriage with a handsome scoundrel, of whom she rids herself, and from whom Providence rids her in order to unite her destinies with one who will and does make her as happy as this earth can make one. There is of course some accident from time to time among the various characters, to prove that "the course of true love never runs smooth," but the proprieties are always observed with strict care, and there is less kissing and embracing than one might expect from a young and enthusiastic writer. On the whole then we would say, if we must have novels and tales, and it seems decided that we must, we would rather have one such as this *Nelly Bracken* than a cart load of the trash, which has been of late years ruining the taste for sound literature, and sapping the very foundations of morality.

14. *YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEM.* By *Q.* New York: Redfield. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This is a very pleasant book. It is a gallery of forty-five or fifty portraits, sketched by an Englishman, who has been connected with the London press, and probably contributed them to periodicals before collecting them in a volume in this country. There are notices of such persons as Horace Vernet, Moore, Bulwer, D'Israeli, Anderson, Haydon, Kean, Janin, Julia Grisi, Lola Montez, Berreyer, Bayard Taylor, De Meyer, Guizot, Mrs. Trollope, and others of equal distinction in literature, politics, or art.

The statements of the clever author do not lead us to suppose that he had any very intimate association with the greater portion of the persons described. Very often, he narrates but a single interview and conversation. The consequence is, that while the book is extremely interesting as a sort of morning visit chat with eminent individuals, we find in it very little of that analytic power which might give it permanence in literature. In its mode of treatment, it rather lacks variety, and we think it would have been better with the omission of some details about Opera Singers and *danseuses*, which are not required for the edification of well regulated society. With this exception, we commend "*YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEM*" to our readers as a delightful and entertaining companion for the domestic circle.

15. *SOUTHWARD HO! A SPELL OF SUNSHINE.* By *W. Gilmer Simms*. Redfield, New York. J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

Our countryman, Simms, is so general a favorite that it is hardly necessary to do more than announce a new work from his industrious pen, to ensure its welcome by the public. *SOUTHWARD HO!* is a sort of Marine Decameron. A Southerner who happens to be caught in New York in midsummer, suddenly resolves, in spite of the season, to travel towards the Mountains of Carolina and Georgia instead of sipping water at Saratoga or dipping into the sea at Newport. After a lively interview with a scoffing New Yorker, in which the health and diversions of the South are capitally vindicated, the latter suddenly resolves to join our hero on the "good Steamer Marion;" and, as

the voyagers and their companions are borne towards Charleston, they entertain one another with the tales that are chronicled in this volume. Sketches from all parts of the world, and of various epochs, are racily interspersed with romance, humor, eloquence, fancy, and wit. We have been particularly charmed by the graphic delineations of American scenery and character. Mr. Simms paints the features of his country with a bold, bright, and truthful brush. The skill and variety with which he has embellished the present work, will add very largely to his reputation as a national artist.

Editors' Table.

MAY.—Once more we greet the balmy zephyrs of the month of May. The hoary frosts of winter have passed away, the chilling blasts of early spring have disappeared and the season of buds and flowers with all its charms has again returned—nature has arisen from winter's ice-bound tomb, and has come forth in her gayest attire. The flowery heath, the soft and delicate foliage of the trees, the gentle breeze, the sweet scent of the grove, the verdure of the fields, the innocent warbling of the feathered tribe, all remind us of the first of May!

"The sweet birds are warbling
From arbor to spray
And cheerfully singing
Of spring time and May;
Merry May, merry May!"

The month of May, which brings with it so many charms, has for the Catholic more than ordinary interest. The Church like a tender mother, ever solicitous for the welfare of her children, loses no occasion of inviting them to virtue, of withdrawing them from the transitory things of earth, and directing them to the lasting joys of another and a better world. Each day in the year she has dedicated to some particular saint, whose example she sets before us to encourage us in our pilgrimage through this vale of sorrow to the bright land of promise beyond the grave. But while she sets apart a single day for devotion to the other saints, a whole month is dedicated to the Mother of God. During the month of May, the Church in a special manner invites her children to honor, to love and invoke the patronage of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

As the devotion of the month of May in honor of the blessed Virgin is now so extensively practiced, a few words in reference to its origin cannot prove otherwise than interesting.

During the early part of the sixteenth century *Father Lalomia*, a professor in one of the Jesuit colleges in Italy, proposed to the pupils of his class to perform each day during the month of May, some special devotion to the Mother of God. The happy suggestion was joyfully seconded by his pupils, and accordingly, a statue of the blessed Virgin was placed upon a table at the end of the class-room. Before this humble altar, which they fervently decorated with flowers, the venerable Father and his pupils daily assembled and recited certain prayers in honor of Mary, and made a short meditation on the virtues of her life. The Fathers of the college remarked with much gratification, the fervent piety, which from that period distinguished the members of *Father Lalomia's* class—an evidence how pleasing this devotion was to the Mother of God. On the returning May, the devotion which was commenced in a single class, was extended to the whole college. The effect was most remarkable. Boys who had been heretofore untractable, now became models of obedience and docility: those who had been remiss in the practice of their religion, now flew to the confessional: the slothful and indolent became examples in the punctual and faithful discharge of their scholastic duties: the praises of Mary

were heard from every tongue, her statue was daily crowned, and her altar strewed with flowers.

The Fathers, seeing the good effects which the devotion of the month of May produced in this single college, immediately introduced it into all their colleges in Italy and in other countries of Europe; and as they went forth from these institutions on the mission, they established the devotion among the faithful, and thus it spread from church to church until it has at length become almost universal.

That this devotion, so beautiful, so sublime in itself, should captivate the hearts of fervent and pious Catholics and become so extensively practiced, is only a matter of surprise to those who understand not the institutions of the Catholic Church. Devotion to the Mother of God is coeval with the apostolic ages; it has descended with the faith, and those periods which have been most remarkable for piety and virtue, have been proportionably distinguished for their filial devotion to the Queen of Heaven. In every age her name has been revered; the most illustrious saints sought her aid and invoked her intercession. Former ages have honored her as the Mother of God, the Queen of angels, and the mediatrix of men before the throne of her divine Son. But it has been reserved for our own time to witness the realization of that honor which former ages sought to confer on Mary. It has been reserved for our own illustrious and venerable Pontiff, Pius IX, to add another gem to her diadem, to affix another title to her Litany, and to bid her children, in all the fervor of their hearts, to invoke her as the chosen of heaven—*Mother conceived without sin*.

THE WREATH OF MAY.—From a manuscript, called *The Wreath of May*, in honor of the blessed Virgin, we select the following verses. The Wreath, which we regret has never been completed, is ingeniously composed from the language of flowers, selecting for each day in the month some flower, which is taken as the emblem of some virtue. Thus: Snow-drop, *Hope*; the Daisy, *Innocence*, &c.

THIRD DAY.

OLIVE—*Peace*. HAZEL—*Reconciliation*.

Who can tell the sweet emotion;
Who the sunshine of the heart,
Who the filial, fond devotion
And the life that joys impart,
Such as blessed the aged Noah,
When the dove returned once more
From her mission o'er the water,
Bearing high the olive's flower.

Yet were those emotions sweeter,
And that sunshine far more bright,
And that filial offering better,
And more joyous his delight,
When above his altar, spanning,
With its beauteous arch, the earth;
Pledge of reconciliation,
God's bow of promise had its birth.

Dearest Mother! thus did heaven
Echo to the hymns of joy;
Choir to choir responsive driven,
By the bliss without alloy,
Which they felt when first existence
Dawned thy stainless soul upon,
When the Father blessed his daughter,
And prepared her for his Son:

When the Holy Spirit blessed thee
With the gifts no other had,

And with heavenly love caressed thee
 In that bridal robe arrayed;
 For thou wast the olive branchlet,
 Carried by the heavenly dove
 To the deluged earth restoring
 Heaven's pure gift of peace and love.

And the earth, as sweetly ringing
 Came the anthems of the sky,
 Leaped for gladness, gently springing
 From her depths of misery.
 For she felt within her glowing,
 All the ardor that above
 Burns so brightly in the angels,
 In the home of perfect love.

Dearest Mother! on thy altar,
 Lay we down this simple wreath:
 Guide thy children, as we falter,
 Safely through this vale of death.
 To thy sacred heart devoted
 Thou on us bestowest peace;
 Reconciled to heaven we pray thee
 Till this dangerous life shall cease.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS AND THE VISITATION OF CONVENTS.—After the course of the Massachusetts Legislature in regard to the Charlestown Convent, it was hard to imagine any thing, in the way of bigotry and narrow-mindedness, which that Honorable Body might not be brought to perpetrate. That one transaction contained within itself the elements of all possible fanaticism to come. The power to oppress and the pettiest disposition to exercise it; ignorance wilful and ignorance blind; unmanly vindictiveness and insensibility to the commonest suggestions of charity or shame; all were involved in it. The recent demonstration of the legislative committee upon the Academy of the Sisters of Notre Dame, at Roxbury, has therefore nothing new about it, in spirit or in principle. It is no symptom of a new distemper, but only a new evidence of the malignity of the old virus. In this part of the world we do not think that such a thing could easily happen. It is true, we are afraid, that there are some good people among us, who would be quite willing to see a convent burned, now and then—with its inmates, if convenient. A good many might be found, no doubt, in the highly orthodox circles, who would gladly exercise the privilege of inspecting our Catholic institutions—who would rejoice in the blessed opportunity of holding inquests in the cellars and out-houses, and of spying out the scarlet of Babylon in the dye of the bed curtains. But, in the main, fanaticism and persecution here, were they to break into the fold, would come like wolves, howling and fierce. They would hardly condescend to steal in, like hen-roost vermin. Indeed such expeditions as the Roxbury visitation could with difficulty be gotten up outside of New England. There is something in the bad traits of the popular character, there, which seems exclusively adapted to such performances—a mixture of gossiping and sanctimoniousness—of intolerance and scandal-mongering—of puritanism and pruriency—such as can be found no where else. It is as if a blended portrait were painted of John Knox and Paul Pry. The indignant and manly expressions of the Boston press, upon the present occasion, afford us grateful assurance that the intelligent communities of Massachusetts have risen above the level of this. It may be some time, however, before the legislature shall have reached an equal elevation, for it unfortunately happens, as a general rule, now-a-days, that legislative assemblies represent any thing but the best phases of their constituencies.

The occurrence at Roxbury has been the means of making public—what, we confess we had not previously known—the existence in the Massachusetts Legislature, of a "Joint Special Committee on the Inspection of Convents and Nunneries," which by special order has been "authorized and instructed to visit and examine" such institu-

tions, together with "theological seminaries" and the like, and report to the Legislature! Now we presume that no man who has read the Constitution of the United States (to say nothing of the Constitution of Massachusetts) can fail to know, that the legislature has no authority, itself, and can "authorize" no committee, to violate the sanctity of a private dwelling, whether it be the home of an individual or of an association of individuals. Every "political first class book" in New England teaches boys, before they have reached the dignity of trowsers, that a man's house is his castle, the door of which can only be opened, against his will, by an officer armed with the warrant of the law, supported by oath and issued for probable cause by a competent tribunal. The invasion, in any particular, of this fundamental right of the citizen, is a criminal offence and a civil wrong—as all the world knows—which no legislative action is competent to shield from punishment. The Legislature, *en masse*, might be driven by force from any threshold they might seek to cross without warrant, and any necessary violence might be lawfully used to repel them. Such is the unquestioned law of the land, which no power can alter, while the national Constitution lasts.

The honorable gentlemen who got up the Nunnery Committee of course knew all this, and would have shouted it from the house-tops if there had been a runaway negro to be concealed or rescued. But it was only a question of the rights of "Papists," which was quite another matter. They knew that if they asked admittance to any Catholic institution, and it was refused, they would make more capital out of the refusal than out of all their visitations and inspections. They knew therefore that they could safely set up the pretence of doing the thing by consent—while they were, in fact, exercising a moral coercion which, in the diseased state of public and partisan opinion, was as irresistible as brute force and not half as honest. They knew that the very closing of a door in their honorable faces would insure the gathering of a mob to force it open—so they proceeded on their errand, quite satisfied that they should have their own way in it. Two omnibus loads of legislators and invited assistants, (including a police officer and an alderman) girded up their loins for an onslaught on the "abominations" of "the man of sin." There were at Roxbury, in a small school-house, seven unprotected women, from whose rosaries and prayer-books the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was in peril—and behold, the omnibuses descended upon them. The academy was taken, like the pump in Salmagundi, without the loss of a man. And great rejoicing there was, on account thereof, throughout the ancient commonwealth—and there was heard, no doubt, as Mr. Whittier once heard, when a fugitive slave was hidden—

"The shaft of Bunker, calling to that of Lexington!—"

But apart from the poetry of the subject,—it is conceded on all hands—as indeed the evidence taken demonstrates—that the honorable committee and their followers acted in utter contempt of the restraints which gentlemen instinctively observe, and which the veriest bores are usually deterred from disregarding, by the salutary dread of being kicked. The comments of the press attracted the attention of the Legislature to the subject. An attempt was at first made to stifle inquiry, but a committee of investigation was finally ordered, before which a good deal of testimony has been taken. The gentlemen charged with the indecencies in question are themselves to testify, and will of course make their case as fair as they can, but they cannot alter the verdict which the public has already passed, upon the facts as at first disclosed and since substantiated. Our readers will be edified, to learn that one of the most important questions discussed, when the matter was before the legislature, and inquired of by the investigating committee, was—whether the *cortège* of the Committee on Nunneries had been virtualled and conveyed at the public expense. It was bad enough to have disgraced the commonwealth—but who could bear the odium of putting the commonwealth in for the omnibus tickets! Alas! our eastern brethren, some how or other, will always manage to make the constitution subordinate to the constitutional currency.

What will the result of these things be? If a Catholic committee were to visit and insult the inmates of a Protestant religious institution, we think the question would

have a speedy solution. As it is, we can only hope—and we do in fact believe—that the effect of the incident we are discussing will be favorable to the cause of truth and moderation. The American people, when brought to proper reflection, have a scorn of what is wrong and a contempt for what is unmanly. They will never willingly make themselves parties to petty tyranny, and when they see the consequences of the intolerance, which has been commended to them under the attractive name of “Americanism,” they will spurn it from them, with disgust, as an unclean thing. We are not so sanguine as to hope that we shall ever see the “anti-Popery” expounders ashamed of themselves—but we incline to think that before long the public will be satisfied that they ought to be.

P. S. Since writing the above, we perceive that the Committee of Investigation has reported the substantial truth of the charges made in the newspapers, and has recommended—that the matter be dropped! This was certainly the wisest course, and probably the most becoming, as the Legislature can hardly misrepresent public opinion so far as to have any respect for itself. We remember to have seen it stated, last winter, in the “Carlisle Volunteer,” (a Protestant journal) that sixty clergymen—forty-eight Methodists, four Presbyterians, four Baptists, two Universalists and two “scattering”—were members elect of the Honorable body in question. This will readily explain the Nunnery crusade, and the hasty disposition to cover up its disgusting details. We shall consider ourselves at liberty, hereafter, to judge the zeal of such good Christians for “religious freedom,” by their demonstrations upon the present occasion—precisely as we shall interpret the sincerity of the “Maine Law” fanatics among them, by their willingness to be economically drunk on the Commonwealth’s Champagne.

THE CINCINNATI ELECTION RIOTS.—While the Legislature of Massachusetts, on the one side, has been illustrating the religious tendencies and results of the “American” organization, the brethren in Cincinnati, on the other, have been presenting its political operation in an equally attractive point of view. We do not propose entering into the melancholy details of riot, persecution and bloodshed, which have lately given to the chief city of the West such unenviable notoriety. Our readers are no doubt sadly familiar with them already, and, with ourselves, would be happy to forget them. To us, such occurrences cause no surprise. From the first, we have believed that fanaticism and intolerance, religious and political, have been at the bottom of the whole “American movement,” and have given to it what strength it has possessed. We are satisfied that every demonstration of its power will substantiate this theory, and that every accession of strength to the party will diminish its inclination to wear the veil of patriotism and Americanism. The really honest and patriotic persons who have become involved in the movement are already finding this out, and we are persuaded that every day’s experience will force the conviction upon them. In this point of view, such excesses as those at Cincinnati will not be without some redeeming consequences. They will open the eyes of the doubting and recall the wavering to a sense of manliness and duty. It is impossible that a party can long maintain the semblance of devotion to freedom, when oppression is one of its fundamental tenets, and it is perhaps best for society and for the purposes of warning and example that the developments of its true character should be exhibited conspicuously and at once. From all appearances, we are not likely to be kept long in the dark, if overt acts of violence and wrong can throw any light on the mysteries of the “lodges.”

THE SISTERS OF THE ADORATION OF REPARATION.—Among the many beautiful chapels in Paris, none are more attractive than that of the Sisters of the Adoration of Reparation. There night and day are to be seen members of this community, keeping watch as it were, before the door of the tabernacle, and pouring out their most fervent aspirations in reparation of the insults and blasphemies daily offered to the ever adorable sacrament of the altar. As this institution already occupies a prominent position, especially in France, we doubt not, but that the following brief outline of its origin will prove interesting:

"This institute arose, most providentially for Paris, in June, 1848, when the capital was torn by civil war. Whilst the cannon was roaring, and the world was sunk in terror and alarm, some pious women assembled themselves in a chapel in the Rue d'Enfer. Shortly afterwards they obtained the immense and singular privilege of having the Holy Sacrament exposed day and night, that they might pray with Jesus, in Jesus, and by Jesus, the living and true victim of France. Moses, praying upon the mountains, obtained of God the victory for Israel; and these Sisters came to fill the place of a new Moses, to drive away the misfortunes with which France and the world were threatened, and have already suffered. M. Affre, before he laid down his life for his flock in so sublime a manner, had blessed the pious design with which God had inspired them, to pray day and night in order to repair the insults offered to God by sins of all kinds, more especially for the blasphemies and profanation of the holy day of Sunday so common in our day. Some time after the death of the Archbishop, the Vicar Capitular granted permission to have the Holy Sacrament exposed day and night; the work was established, and the regular community commenced its existence on the 6th of August, 1849. The venerable and pious successor of the heroic Archbishop gave a provisional approval of the work of the Adoration of Reparation so unexpectedly arisen amidst the misfortunes of France, together with all its privileges. He gave it his powerful protection, that it might live and prosper; and six months afterwards he gave it his definitive approbation. The blessing of God descended upon this admirable work; and the Cardinal established it soon afterwards at Lyons. The number of Sisters increased wonderfully, and they were able to accomplish their principal work and add to it the work of retreats and all the other ends of the institute. A very wise organization distinguished this new society, the title given to it by Rome. It is divided into three branches—the regular Sisters, whose end is the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament exposed day and night in their chapel, as well as needlework; the Secular Sisters, who employ their powers in connection with the community, and may afterwards expand outwardly and give themselves to spiritual and corporal charity; and, lastly the simply associated, who are united by bonds less close with the society, partaking however, in an especial manner, in the prayers, the works, and the merits of the institute. We cannot enter upon all the titles by which this new society recommends itself, and the position which God seems to have allotted it in His Church; but we will add that, at the request of the Archbishop of Paris and Lyons, Rome has confirmed it by a special Brief, and granted indulgences to it which no other institute has ever, to our knowledge, obtained. All the faithful may, beside all other indulgences, obtain a plenary one by meditating every day one hour in the chapel on the Passion."

THE ORIGIN OF THE ANGELUS.—The following is the origin of the *Angelus* according to *Abbé Orsini*:

"In the commencement of the fourteenth century, Pope John XXII, justly alarmed at the conquests of the Mussulmans, instituted a prayer to the Blessed Virgin, called the *Ave Maria*; this prayer, for which was chosen the most delightful hour of the day, that of sunset, was repeated through France and England at the first toll of the *curfew* bell. Every Catholic then recited the three *Hail Marys* for the success of the Christian arms, and prayed to the Blessed Virgin for union, peace and prosperity in all kingdoms professing the true faith. Louis IX instituted the *Angelus*, such as it is now practised amongst us, in honor of the mystery of the Incarnation, and expressed his desire that besides the evening prayer, which was said for the general peace of Christian states, a special prayer at noon should be offered for the tranquility of his kingdom. 'It is ordained to all Frenchmen, knights, men-at-arms and civilians, to place themselves on both knees at the sound of the mid-day bell, to bless themselves devoutly and offer a prayer to Our Lady, imploring peace and tranquility.' The ordinance was executed with the greatest exactitude, a proof that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin had been fondly cherished at that time. In the fifteenth century, at the first toll of the *Angelus*, there was not a Frenchman, whether in his house or in the streets, whether in the fields or on the road, who did not immediately fall on his knees to pray to Mary. This duty over, travellers and wayfarers arose and continued their journey."

Record of Events.

From March 20, to April 20, 1855.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—Embassy to the Emperor Alexander.—The death of the Emperor Nicholas appears to have afforded to the Court of Rome some increased probability of a peaceful solution of the Eastern question without the necessity of further bloodshed, and also of the probability of some concessions being made in favor of the Catholics of Russia. To effect so desirable an object, to urge the advantages of peace, and to congratulate the new emperor upon his accession to the throne, the Holy Father has determined to send an envoy extraordinary to the Court of St. Petersburg.

The report that appeared in several quarters of the resignation of Cardinal Antonelli, is destitute of foundation. The eminent secretary of State continues in his office, nor is there any change expected in the Papal cabinet at present.—The rejoicings and festivity in honor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception still continue. The English Catholics at Rome celebrated the *Triduo* with extraordinary magnificence in one of the Jesuit churches. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Brown, bishop of Newport, preached in English; sermons in Italian were also delivered.—The Pope has put forth no excommunication as yet against the promoters of the anti-monastic law in Piedmont. Indeed his attention is rather diverted from the latter country by the proceedings of a similar character in Spain, which will probably lead to a suspension of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the Court of Madrid. The Spanish minister had arrived, but it was doubtful whether his mission would be recognized.—An unusual spectacle lately took place in Rome—the punishment of death inflicted on an unfortunate criminal, convicted of a most atrocious murder.—A trial was going on at Genoa which attracts much interest. The accused is an unfortunate priest, who has long led a disreputable life and has been mixed up in various political revolutions since 1821. He now stands charged with the murder of another priest named Bartolomeo Battaro.—The electro-telegraph line has lately been put in operation between Rome and Bologna, and the first experiment tried upon it was a message from the prelate commissary of the legations and the Bolognese municipality returning thanks to the Holy Father for so advantageous a public work, and imploring his apostolic benediction.

SARDINIA.—The Sardinian government has made a reply to the declaration of war on the part of Russia, repelling the charge of ingratitude set forth in the declaration. Since the passage of the bill for the suppression of the convents by the deputies, there has been a lull in the interest in parliamentary proceedings. In the progress of the bill through the senate, it is likely to be subjected to a modification. It is supposed that the present members of those religious retreats shall be allowed to remain, but that in future, a limit shall be put to the number of the various sacred orders.—Submarine telegraph communication between the continent and the island of Sardinia has been completed and is now in successful operation.

SPAIN.—Late papers inform us that great damage has been done at Bayonne by the inundation from the Pyrenees. Lower Cambo was submerged and Bayonne was partly inundated.—The Cortes had passed a bill for the popular election of the senate.—Don Carlos, Infant of Spain, died recently; his funeral took place at Trieste, and was attended with great magnificence.

FRANCE.—The most active war preparations still progress throughout the empire. On the 20th ult. the emperor reviewed a large body of the imperial guards, and distri-

buted three stands of colors. In the course of the address which he delivered on the occasion, he said: "Soldiers! the army is the true nobility of our country. It preserves intact from age to age, the traditions of glory and of national honor, and your genealogical tree is here [pointing to the colors]. It marks, at each generation, a new victory. Take, then, these flags; I confide them to your honor, your courage, and your patriotism." Rapturous applause greeted this oration. Large numbers of troops were daily embarking for the East.—Nothing is said definitely of the determination of the emperor to visit the seat of war; probably this will now depend on the result of the Vienna conference. It was rumored that his majesty, accompanied by the Empress Eugenie, intended shortly to visit England.—Nothing could exceed the devotion and the piety of the faithful of Paris during the holy season of Lent. At nearly all the churches some special exercise was performed; and the sacred edifices were constantly thronged. The cathedral of Notre Dame was rendered particularly attractive by the discourses of the distinguished Jesuit, *Father Felix*, which were delivered every Sunday.

ENGLAND.—The committee of inquiry into the state of the army before Sebastopol has been in session for a number of days, and still continues to prosecute its labors. Earl Lucan, Colonel Kinlock, commissariat officer, and J. McDolald, administrator of the London Times' Fund, have been examined. The evidence confirms the most exaggerated statement of mismanagement.—The government was actively reënforsing the army in the Crimea, and transporting provisions and military stores to the seat of war. The proceedings in parliament were not of any special interest. The most important measure was the passage of the bill relating to newspaper stamp duties. The bill declares, that: "from and after the passing of the act, it shall not be compulsory (except for the purpose of free transmission by post) to print any newspaper on paper stamped, for denoting the duties imposed by the law on newspapers, and no person shall be subject or liable to any penalty or forfeiture for printing, publishing, selling, or having in his possession any unstamped publication." Periodical publications printed on stamps to be transmitted by post free of postage.

Mr. Heywood, in the Commons, obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the law of marriage, so as to admit of union with a deceased wife's sister or niece.—Riots had taken place among the colliers, in the neighborhood of Staffordshire and Bilston. The disturbance was finally suppressed, and a number of the rioters were arrested and committed for trial.—A dissolution of parliament is talked of as likely to take place shortly.—A bill to reform the system of national education was introduced by Sir John Pakington, and passed its first reading. It has been favorably received, and its passage is possible.—His Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, delivered a lecture in St. Martin's Hall, before the Islington Catholic Popular Club, taking for his subject, "the future historian's views of the present war."

Conversion of Mr. Palmer of Magdalen College, Oxford.—"This distinguished clergyman of the Church of England was received into the Church at Rome on the 28th ult., and confirmed on the 1st inst., by the Bishop of Newport and Menevia. Mr. Palmer has always been remarkable for the earnestness and sincerity of purpose with which he has for many years pursued his inquiries upon the question of Church authority. Dissatisfied with the utter hollowness of the Protestant system, and with what is called the Anglo-Catholic theory, he was for a long time led to contemplate the hope of a union, either personal or corporate, with the separated Greeks, and actually, we believe, endeavoured to negotiate it with the authorities of that communion. Failing in this attempt, he repaired to the Centre of Unity, and there came into contact with the eminent Father Passaglia, of the Society of Jesus. From an antagonist he soon passed into a disciple, and at length entered into a Spiritual Retreat under the Fathers of the Roman College. He entered the Retreat as an humble inquirer, and came forth a Catholic."—*Tablet*.

IRELAND.—The anniversary of Ireland's patron saint was celebrated with much enthusiasm, but passed off quietly.—The weather was favorable, and preparations for the spring crops were being actively made.—The long looked for report in relation to the

College of Maynooth, has at length appeared. It is exceedingly favorable to the college, and has greatly exasperated the Orange press, which pronounces it "a sham."—A memorial signed by over fifty newspaper proprietors in Ireland has been presented to the House of Commons, against any alteration in the newspaper stamp act. In this the memorialists say:

"That there is no general dissatisfaction with the present law regulating the stamp duties on newspapers, and that its operation has been to produce a newspaper press of higher character than is found in any other country.

"That the bill proposes to remove all securities against libel or offences against public order and morality.

"That the effect of the measure would be to lower the character of the newspaper press in this country by the competition for cheapness, and by the increase in the number of publications, diminishing the means of incurring the large outlay made by every respectable journal—thus tending, in reality, not to cheapen, but to enhance the cost of valuable information."

The Earl of Carlisle has been appointed to succeed the Earl of St. Germans in the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The ceremony of his installation took place at Dublin on the 20th ultimo.—Mr. Eugene Curry, professor of the Irish language in the Catholic University of Ireland, delivered the first of a course of lectures on the Irish language and literature at the university Hall, Stephen's Green.—The Rev. Edward McCabe, curate of the metropolitan church has been elevated to the episcopal dignity and goes as bishop of Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope.

Prosecution against a Catholic Priest—Acquittal.—At the Derry Assizes last week, the grand jury found true bills for riot against the various parties charged with the attack on Roman Catholics in Newtownlimvaddy, on Sunday evening, the 3rd of September last. The charge of feloniously discharging a pistol, which was trumped up against the Rev. James Conway, C. C., as a "set-off" to the prosecution for riot, has just been disposed of. The jury, made up of nine Protestants and three Catholics, returned a verdict of acquittal immediately on the conclusion of the charge of the learned judge. The conduct of Mr. Justice Crampton has been most impartial throughout, and has very much contributed to restore confidence in the tribunals of the land. He has given general satisfaction.—*Tablet.*

A correspondent of the Catholic Standard thus speaks of the distress caused by *eviction* in some parts of Ireland:

"In this district there are several poor families, who are in great want and misery. They consist principally of widows, with large families, who have been evicted from their houses and holdings of land, and are now living in wretchedly poor little cabins, without food, fire, and clothing, with sickness amongst them—very great objects of charity."

Death of a Patriarchal Clergyman.—At Kilmore, on the 21st ult., the Rev. John Fitzgerald, parish priest of St. John's, died at the venerable age of 105 years. For 75 years he officiated in the ministry, and was ever distinguished by zeal and piety.

RUSSIA.—When closing our last record, the rumored death of the Emperor of Russia was announced. Later arrivals have confirmed the truth of what at first seemed almost incredible. The Russian Czar is dead! The great, the proud, the sanguinary ruler of the North, whose will was the imperious law of fifty millions of people, has passed from the scene of his despotic power. The Liverpool Times of the 3rd ult., commenting on this event, uses the following language:

"The fate which has overtaken this great but unscrupulous monarch, supposing him to have died a natural, and not like many of his predecessors, a violent death, demonstrates, in the strongest possible manner how feeble the most potent become when unsustained by that moral power which is stronger than cannons or bayonets, or the most deadly instruments of war. Twelve months back, before the declaration of hostilities, Nicholas Romanoff, who now lies a mass of clay in his ancestral halls on the Neva, was the most proud, the most powerful, and the most arrogant sovereign on this planet;

but this small interval of time has served to reduce him to a condition more pitiable than the humblest of his serfs, for in his nefarious attempts to subjugate a weak and a near neighbor, he outraged justice, provoked the hostility of the Western Powers, stirred up resistance throughout Europe to his dictation, and lived long enough to discover that the prepared strength of a long reign and an almost boundless empire, was utterly futile in the pursuit of a bad purpose. The most conservative ruler in the world fell almost literally by his own hand, when he pushed his aggressions on the property of others beyond the bounds of endurance. He died not of old age, but of a broken heart—of the disappointment caused by the utter failure of all his schemes of aggrandizement, the prostration of all his hopes,—a terrible example of the effects of unhalloved ambition."

That Nicholas was a tyrant, all will admit, who are in any manner acquainted with his history; that he was an unprincipled persecutor of the Catholic Church, is written in the blood that flowed from his Catholic subjects, almost from the very commencement of his reign. His persecution of the clergy, and his brutal treatment of the nuns, are familiar to every reader. When the united Greeks of ancient Ruthenian Poland, were violently incorporated with the Orthodox Church, the Czar pretended that, inasmuch as the heads of the clergy had submitted to the supremacy of the Holy Russian Synod, all the faithful were bound to follow. Whoever did not accept this decision was treated as an apostate. An apostate loses his civil rights, according to the Russian law, and incurs the penalty of the *knout* if he be a serf, and that of exile to Siberia if he belong to the nobility. Hence the number of victims, who suffered in consequence of this decision may be reckoned by thousands.

The grand duke Alexander, the late emperor's eldest son, ascended the throne under the title of Alexander II. Whether the new emperor will pursue the same line of policy as his father it is impossible yet to conjecture. If, however, we may take the following as an index of his course, we may conclude that the peace of Europe is yet far distant:

"It was on the 7th of March that the *corps diplomatique* waited upon the new emperor at the imperial winter palace. The emperor advanced into their midst, and in a firm and expressive voice first thanked them for the sympathy they had evinced on the occasion of the terrible calamity which had befallen Russia. He then said that in ascending the throne he was animated by the same sentiments as the Emperor Nicholas, his father, and the Emperor Alexander, his uncle. He added that the views of his father were not always well understood, and that latterly wrong conceptions had been formed at times of his policy; that policy was a conservative policy.

"If the Holy Alliance, he said, no longer exists, I hope that the principle upon which it rested may still prevail, and serve as a link of union between the different states. 'For my part,' he said, 'I am disposed to give peace to Europe, if honorable conditions are offered to Russia, but if the conditions offered are not so, I prefer perishing to accepting them.'"

AUSTRIA.—The Peace Conference at Vienna was in session at the latest dates; little progress, however, had been made in the business for which it had been convened, at least so far as the public have been able to learn. What had been proposed, agreed upon or rejected, were rather matters of conjecture than of certainty. It was rumored, however, that the conference had come to a stand upon some point, and that the Russian envoy had requested time to consult his government.—The empress was delivered of a princess on the 5th ult. On the day following its birth, the youthful archduchess received baptism attended with all the splendid ceremonial usual on such occasions, and took the name of *Sophia Frederica Dorothea Maria Josepha*.

GERMANY. *Religious Communities.*—In the diocese of Cologne there are already fifty-four, of which ten are convents of men and forty-four of women. One only of these convents—that of the Carmelites at Cologne—is devoted to contemplation, the rest are occupied in active works of charity, as the education of youth or care of the sick.

The Rev. Jesuit fathers are now established at Tyrnau and at Presburg. The daughters of St. Vincent of Paul multiply greatly. They have convents now at Szathmar-

Pinkafeld, Pesth, Szegedin-Szegsard, Wesprim, Guns, Stuhl-Weisenbourgh, Eunfkirchen, Totis, &c. Mgr. Emeric de Palugyay, bishop of Neutra, is about to build them a convent.—A distinguished writer, M. Augustus Lewald, and the pastor of a free congregation, M. Giese, have been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church, the latter at Munster.—The German papers inform us that Mgr. the Archbishop of Freiburg has, by a recent circular, permitted the Curés of his archdiocese to communicate with the high ecclesiastical council of Carlsruhe upon questions relative to the ecclesiastical endowments. Except in this case, all communication with the excommunicated body remains interdicted.

Germany is now feeling the sad effects of political divisions consequent upon the religious divisions introduced by the Reformation. Austria is taking her stand upon a purely national and German ground, which is bringing her more and more into harmony with the western powers; while Prussia, her implacable and jealous rival, seeks to impede a movement which did not originate with her, and in which she could only play a secondary part.

Prussian influence has indeed been too fatal to Catholicism in Bavaria, for the Bavarian Catholics to accept and aid its plans. The appointments lately made to various chairs in the University of Munich, and many other things, which have deeply wounded the Catholic instincts of the good people of Bavaria are distinctly traceable to this source.

BELGIUM.—The proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception took place in the churches of Brussels on last Sunday. The greatest zeal and enthusiasm were evinced by people of all ranks: from an early hour the churches were filled with crowds of the faithful, and were not empty during the entire day. Masses, offices, sermons, and Vespers, were attended with the utmost devotion. All the pulpits resounded with the praises of the Virgin, and were surrounded by the faithful, who came in crowds to hear of the new honor decreed to the Queen of heaven and earth. In the evening a brilliant illumination took place throughout the entire city. There was not a single street, great or small, which did not take a part in this popular manifestation. Many of the hotels were magnificently decorated.

ALGIERS.—It is gratifying to the Catholic to see with what piety and lively joy the dogma of the Immaculate Conception has every where been received. The following account of its reception in Africa is but another proof of the deep veneration of the faithful every where for the Mother of God:

“On the day when they received the decree of the Holy See, declaring the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the blessed Virgin to be an article of faith, in every church of the colony a solemn benediction was celebrated on Sexagesima Sunday. I shall only speak now of Algiers. For several hours before the ceremony, the sacred edifice was filled with people, and crowds thronged about the church door, in the Place, and in all the neighboring streets. The façade and the towers of the cathedral were illuminated. For that evening all receptions and invitations were put aside, for all were anxious to hear the decree of the Holy Father, and the discourse pronounced by the bishop of Algiers. None of the public functionaries were absent from the ceremony. It began at eight o'clock in the evening, with the chant of the ‘Ave Maris Stella,’ the music of which was composed for the occasion by Baron Bron, private secretary of the Prefect of Algiers. The Pope’s letters were then read from the pulpit, after which the bishop of Algiers in a very clear and striking discourse, explained the constitution of the Church, and her conduct in the definition of articles of faith. The prelate answered the remarks of certain public journals which had supported their arguments by quotations from the Fathers, forgetting meanwhile the last words of St. Bernard in his letters to the Canons of Lyons: ‘I submit every thing to the examination and authority of the Roman Church, and I am ready to alter my opinions, as soon as she shall have spoken.’ The audience were visibly moved when the bishop announced that in memory of this glorious definition, a ‘chapelle de pelerinage,’ dedicated to the Immaculate Virgin, was to be erected by means of voluntary subscription between St. Eugene and Algiers.”

II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

We learn that our Most Rev. Archbishop is about to make a visitation of his diocese, to commence on the 22d inst., and terminate on the 30th of May. A Provincial Council is to be convened in our city, on the 6th of May, and continue in session a week.

The Young Catholic Friend's Society, and the Catholic Institute of this city, in connection with the authorities of Georgetown College, and the various Catholic societies of the District and Alexandria, have determined to celebrate the landing of the Pilgrims, to take place on the 15th of the coming month. The Hon. Joseph R. Chandler is to deliver the oration on the occasion. The annual collection for the benefit of St. Charles' College was taken up in all the churches in the diocese on Easter Sunday: full returns have not yet been received.

Religious Reception.—On the feast of St. Joseph, Miss Mary Williamson, of Baltimore county, was admitted to the religious habit in the Convent of the Visitation, Washington City, D. C. Rev. H. De Neckere, S. J., officiated, and Rev. Dr. White preached on the occasion.

On the morning of the 9th, at the Chapel of St. Francis de Sales, Mount de Sales, near Baltimore, Miss Caroline Dunlevy, of Baltimore, was received to the religious habit, taking the name of Sister Mary de Chantal.

On the same occasion, Sisters Margaret Mary Alicocque, Mary Martina, and Mary Claude Simplicia made their solemn profession of the three religious vows. Very Rev. H. B. Coskery presided, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Hickey and Parsons.—*Mirror*.

2. *Diocese of Philadelphia.*

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, bishop of Philadelphia, has returned from his visit to the Eternal City. On his way, he availed himself of the opportunity of paying a visit to his native Bohemia. The following account of his reception there, which we take from the Catholic Instructor will be read with interest:

"The bishop arrived at his native place, Srachatic, at 11 o'clock, A. M., whither the prelate was conveyed on a sled drawn by four horses, as is customary in those countries, and which the people, out of respect and love for him, obliged him to accept, that he might thus accelerate his journey because of the intense cold. At a distance of two miles from the aforesaid town, the 'guard civic' and a large number of people were to meet the respected dignitary, and thus to conduct him in a long train to town, and before all to the temple of the Most High God, at whose entrance the beloved prelate was received by the dean and numerous clergy of the place and its environs, and an immensely large number of people, comprising at the same time all the civil officers of the place and vicinity. The dean congratulated the Rt. Rev. Prelate in a short, but very appropriate address, comparing him to St. Paul, apostle of the nations, requesting of him as the greatest favor for the moment, his apostolical blessing

"In his reply, the Right Rev. Bishop expressed the most affectionate and cordial thanks to the reverend speaker, and the surrounding crowds, for their kind reception, alluding among other things to the following particulars: that it was just on the very day, 3d of February, nineteen years ago, since he left his home for the missions in North America.

"After the usual thanksgiving in the temple of the Most High for his safe arrival, the Right Rev. Prelate was thence conducted in a splendid carriage, and in the midst of innumerable crowds of people of every kind and description, to his father's residence, where, at the principal entrance, a venerable old man nearly ninety years of age, stood in the greatest expectation, scarcely believing in the reality of what was going on before

his own sight, bathed in tears of joy and of consolation, distrusting as it were his own conviction, that the prelate whom he was to receive in his trembling arms, and to see another 'Joseph's face,' should be his own son, thus escorted with cries of jubilation and 'hosanna,' by the crowds prostrated on the ground in order to receive the American apostle's blessing. A most touching and impressive scene for all spectators."

Dedication.—The dedication of the chapel of the house of the Good Shepherd took place on Sunday, the 15th inst. Mass was celebrated and the ceremony of dedication performed by the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty; the sermon on the occasion was preached by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore.

3. *Archdiocese of New York.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York arrived from Liverpool on the 26th ult. in excellent health. Since his return the learned prelate has been obliged to address the public through the columns of the New York papers, in answer to various slanderous charges, alike injurious to himself and to the Catholic community. In the course of a reply to certain incorrect statements of senator Brooks, the archbishop used the following pointed language:

"If there be an intention among the public men of this country to disfranchise Catholics—to abridge them of their rights—in the name of all that is honorable, I would say let it be done by a manly and noble declaration to that effect. If Protestantism cannot thrive in this country unless it have some one or more denominations to degrade and trample upon, as in Great Britain and Ireland, let it speak out and candidly make known the fact. If defamation in aggregate and in detail can accomplish it, the Catholics of this country will soon be degraded enough in the minds of their fellow-citizens."

The degree of doctor of divinity has been conferred on the Rev. J. M. Forbes, pastor of St. Ann's church.

4. *Diocese of Boston.*

The church of St. Martin at Templeton, Mass., was lately dedicated. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick officiated and preached on the occasion; and during his discourse he used the following words in alluding to the outcry that is now being made in this country against Catholicity;—words which every Catholic should treasure up in his memory during these days of persecution: "They may deprive us of the privilege of being citizens of the commonwealth, but they cannot deprive us of being citizens of heaven." The Rt. Rev. Prelate at the time administered confirmation to forty-five persons.—*Pilot.*

The Nunnery Committee.—A committee was appointed by the Massachusetts legislature to inspect schools, colleges, convents, &c. This committee in the discharge of its duty, among other places visited Roxbury, and proceeded without any previous notice, to the academy of the Sisters Notre Dame, which was occupied by seven sisters and the young ladies, boarders in that establishment. Here the committee demeaned themselves in a manner so unbecoming gentlemen, that their conduct drew forth the severest denunciation of the secular press of Boston and other places. The charges against the committee drew the attention of the legislature to the subject; a second committee was appointed to investigate the conduct of the first. This body met at the State House, and called before it several witnesses, among whom was the lady superior of the academy at Roxbury. The testimony of these witnesses generally sustained the charges made by the press. The report, however, made no specific charge against any member of the committee. This report was accepted by the House. Whether this will end an affair which would disgrace any community, not already incapable of being further disgraced, we must leave to the future to determine.

5. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati has given notice of his intention of holding a Provincial Council. The Right Rev. Prelates of the province will assemble at Cincinnati during the coming month.

III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

1. *Church Property Bills.*—A bill passed the Michigan Legislature which provides: "all church property shall vest and descend, with the improvements, in perpetual succession to, and shall be held by, the trustees provided in the act, in trust for such church, congregation or society. No bishop, vicar or ecclesiastic of any name, or any officer or member of any religious, educational or charitable institution, shall have, possess or exercise any power, capacity or franchise of a corporation sole, so far as relates to the taking, holding, managing, selling or transmitting property, gifts, grants, devises, bequests, conveyance or lease of real estate." A similar bill has passed the legislature of New York.

2. A bill has been introduced in the legislature of California to amend the law on divorces, which provides: that "where the parties have agreed to separate for one year, and they have not cohabited for that period, it shall be grounds for a divorce. It provides, further, that if it shall appear to the District Judge that the parties are in continual strife, and are incapable of being reconciled, then he shall have power to grant a divorce." This is truly an age of progress and of moral regeneration!

3. The only really important measure that passed the New York legislature, was a bill providing for compensation to parties whose property may be injured or destroyed by mobs or riots. It renders the city or county in which such property is situated responsible, in an action on behalf of the party suffering the damage, provided the destruction of the property was not aided or permitted by the carelessness of the owner.

4. *Election Riots.*—Serious election riots took place at Cincinnati on the 2d inst. The Know Nothings seemed determined to carry the day, without much scruple as to the means. In their determination they were opposed resolutely by a body of German infidels, known as "Freemen" and "Turners," the same party which was the cause of the disgraceful proceedings against Monsignor Bedini, the Papal envoy. Fire-arms were freely used, and even a small cannon was dragged through the streets by the Know Nothings, who finally proceeded to several wards, in which they were defeated and destroyed the ballot-boxes, and burned the tickets. The judges, however, had counted the tickets previously to their destruction, and were thus enabled to make a return. The result showed the defeat of the Know Nothing party by a large majority.

5. Some uneasiness has been felt in regard to our relation with Spain, growing out of certain difficulties with Cuba. The Spanish authorities there had ordered or permitted the search of several American vessels. Apprehensions, however, seem to have subsided.

IV.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS OF THE DEFINITION OF THE DOGMA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—We are happy to learn, are passing rapidly through the press, and will appear in a few days. The first sheets we have seen assure us, it will be all our enterprising Catholic publishers promised to make it, a worthy and durable memorial of its subject. The splendid engraving of our Blessed Lady, which embellishes the volume, is the same struck by order of the Holy Father on the occasion of the solemn definition. The materials used are of the finest quality:—the paper, the large clear type, the elegance of the press-work are admirable. Above all, the publishers are using their best efforts to secure a thorough accuracy in the text. We trust they have not counted too largely on the piety of the children of Mary, who ought to possess themselves of so valuable a token of the great event, which has produced a universal rejoicing throughout the Church.